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THE PIONEER PATRIOT;
OR,
THE MAID OF THE WAR-PATH.
A STORY OF THE MOHAWK VALLEY DURING THE REVOLUTION.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

CHAPTER I.
THE ALARM.

We open our story in the summer time of 1777. The din of war was sounding through the land. The British held the city of New York; but the main army of the enemy, under Gen. Howe, was in New Jersey, pushing his way towards Philadelphia; while Washington, with his Patriot troops, followed close by, ready to give battle on the first opportunity. A strong British force held Rhode Island, thus commanding all that coast, and spoiling a long line of excellent harbors to their enemies and transports. From the North, with an English army of seven thousand men, came General Burgoyne, sweeping Lakes Champlain and George, and then turning into the Valley of the Upper Hudson, where his army was daily augmented by swarms of Tories and savage Indians. The meeting of this movement was, for Burgoyne to march on to Albany, and join the forces of Howe in New York, thus cutting off all communication between the Patriots of New England and the rest of the States.

Could this have been done, the result would in all probability have been fatal to American Independence; but his Lieutenant-Generalship of the Invading Army of the North found Yankee chronicles in his way which he and his superiors had not counted upon.

While at St. Johns, at the foot of Lake Champlain, Burgoyne sent Lieutenant-Colonel St. Ledger, with a detachment of seven hundred Rangers, up the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, to Oswego; from thence to penetrate the Valley of the Mohawk, and capture the forts, and lay waste the Patriot homes and fields of all that section. He was to call all the Tories to his aid; conciliate the Indians, and bring them into his service; and then make a clean sweep to the Hudson.

The American army of the North, organized to oppose Burgoyne, was first under General Philip Schuyler, and then under General Horatio Gates.

Thus stood affairs at the time of which we write.

It was towards the close of a pleasant day—the first of August—that four persons stood in front of a small cot-house by the right bank of the Mohawk, and some three miles above Fort Schuyler.* It was in the midst of a beautiful clearing, upon a gentle rise of ground, and away to the northward and westward stretched broad meadows, waving with tall grass and golden grain. It was one of the most wealth possessions in the whole valley, and Walter Lancey, when he came there and settled, fondly believed that he had found a home for life.

Walter Lancey was only sixty-four, but a cheerful rheumatism had bent his body out of shape somewhat, and he appeared much older. His head was bald upon the top, and the light, thin features of his face bespoke the man of generous impulses; of stern integrity; of noble hopes; and of enlarged sympathies.

His son Philip stood close by him—a youth of two-and-twenty; tall and straight; firmly and stoutly built; his muscles amply developed by the half-wild life he had led in the forest; and his face looking just as we might suppose his father's looked at that age. At all events, he possessed all his father's virtues, without one fault which his best friends would slight at. He was habited in a hunting-shirt of green velvet, secured at the waist by a belt which confined two pistols and a heavy hunting-knife, together with a short rifle; leggins of richly dressed buckskin; moccasins of the same; while upon his head he wore a cap of the light bear velvet, from which depended a golden tassel. He leaned upon a rifle which bore proofs of and of exquisite workmanship.

Near by Philip, but still nearer to his father, stood a maiden of eighteen summers, whose form was as light and graceful as that of the golden queen, and whose face was as pure and fair as could hope or desire. Her name was Isabel Carleton. She was an orphan, and Walter Lancey was her guardian. The fourth in the group was a negro woman named Phillis—a jetty-black, good-humored, faithful creature, belonging to Isabel, having been left to her by her father. She was somewhere between forty and fifty, and though considered as a mild-tered savage, yet she possessed a vast amount of will, and her fidelity and unselfishness were worth seeking.

The sun was near the tops of the western trees, and as the golden beams fell upon the faces of our friends, they revealed expressions of deep and painful anxiety. For some moments not a word had been spoken, but all eyes were turned in the direction of an opening in the forest to the westward.

"Hark!" suddenly uttered Philip, stooping as he spoke, and placing his ear to the ground.

The other three watched him with intense interest, for they knew that his judgment was rare. He remained with his ear to the ground for some moments, and finally leaped to his feet.

"They are coming!" he cried, throwing his rifle upon his left arm, and brushing the dirt from his knee.

"Do Injins?" shrieked Phillis, at which Isabel trembled.

"No, no," quickly returned the youth. "They are not Indians. They are our own people."

"Are you sure, my son?" asked the old man.

"Yes, father. I heard the pattering of little feet——"

But there was no need of saying more, for at this moment a score, or more, of human forms appeared in the opening, and others added to. There were women and children in front, and ere many moments the men came in sight bringing up the rear. The women, such as did not carry children, were laden with clothing and bedding, while the boys and men brought farming implements and provisions. In a short time a drove of cattle made their appearance, followed by half-a-dozen stout boys.

"How now, Wilder?" cried Philip, as one of the men approached.

"The British—the Hessians—the Tories—the Injins—all comin'!" gasped the man, throwing down a sack of grain as he spoke.

"The British coming?"

"Yes!—Almost here now! Move's ten thousand on 'em! All come up the lake this mornin'! By the misery, Mr. Lancey, but you'll better be a-movin' your traps."

Philip knew that from this man he could gain nothing reliable, so he waited till the others came up. Wilder led his party by several rods, to having a natural instinct of getting as far from danger as possible.

But pretty soon the women and children came up, and immediately the men of the party followed. Philip saw a young man close by, in whom judgment he knew he could confide, and to his side he at once hastened.

"Ah, Mr. Lancey," said the youth, who supported an infirm, sickly mother, "this wont do for you. You must be on the move at once."

"So I have supposed," returned Philip. "But tell me, James, what has happened. Let me know just what you have learned."

"Well, sir," resumed the new-comer, seating his mother upon a log, "just this has happened: Dr. Ledger came up the lake to-day with seven hundred of the British Rangers; and with him are three infernal Tories, Johnson, Claus, and Butler, with their regimentals followers, and the Mohawk Chief, Brant, with his savages. Some of the Tories and Indians number all of one thousand, so that an army of seventeen hundred men is coming against us!"

"Are you sure of all this?" asked Philip, with much concern.

"I'm sir. A friendly Oneida chief came and gave us the word of warning. He had been with them, and knew their force and their plans."

"And their plans, James,—do you know them?"

"Yes. First to destroy every Patriot homestead in their way until they reach Fort Schuyler; then they mean to take that and hold it; and then sweep on, butchering, and burning, and laying waste, clear through the valley of the Mohawk. St. Ledger is to meet Burgoyne at Albany."

"They may not come this way," said Philip, half to himself. "Our place is some miles out of their way. They will land at the old fort?"

"Of course."

"Then if they move on direct for Fort Schuyler they may not come here." Lancey spoke more in the tone of one who expresses a wish than of one who tells what he believes, or even hopes.

"Of that you must judge for yourself," returned James, with a dubious smile. "I can only tell you what I have heard. The Tories and Indians will perform the side work, such as devastating settlements that lie out of their direct path; and you can best tell whether any of them are aware of the whereabouts of the old Rebel Lancey and his son."

Philip started as these words fell upon his ear, for a thought as terrible as it was sudden came to his mind.

THE ARRIVAL OF JOCKO.

"Did you say Johnson was with St. Ledger?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"Sir John."

"Did you see him?"

"No. I haven't seen any of the enemy. I only know what the friendly Oneida told us."

Philip turned quickly to his father, and the expression of his face plainly showed that he held a fear of more than ordinary moment.

"Father," he whispered, "Sir John Johnson is with the enemy, and he leads a large band of Tories. Of course, Bradbrook is with him—both the old man and Guy?"

Walter Lancey gazed into his son's face, but he made no immediate reply, and the youth continued:

"They will turn their steps this way at once."

"Would Sir John harm me?" asked the old man, tremulously.

"Would he?" returned Philip, bitterly: "Do you not know him?—Would he harm you? Aye, he would plunge a knife to your heart, even now! What are the friendships of other days in times like these? Sir John, the Butlers, and half-immediate friends are the most bloodthirsty and unscrupulous of all the men in our land. Are not their deeds still alive in the memory of our babes, even? Think not of the past. Think only of the present and of the future. I tell you that Johnson and Bradbrook would either of them take your life, or our house, and that in the way of praise over our fall! Have they not sworn to lift out from the face of the country every Patriot who breathes upon it? As true as God lives, we have our lives in our own hands only so long as we keep clear of those men. We must flee at once! 'Tis our only hope!"

"Oh, Lancey!" murmured the old man: "Oh, they cannot harm me!"

"Yes, father Nathan Bradbrook! Do you suppose his will towards us is the wish of our own wishes as well?"

All this passed a cry broke from the lips of the young man who had given Philip his information.

"Look!" he said, pointing to the westward.

Both Philip and his father looked; and they saw a column of blue smoke curling up over the distant tree-tops. It swelled and grew, and turned to a darker hue, until great cinders could be seen floating in the air.

"The Norton's house!" cried Philip.

"Aye," muttered a middle-aged man, who had come up from the party at the foot of the embankment, "it's my house!" He led a child by the hand, and a few years more said as he stood and gazed upon the smoke, which he knew was ascending from the ruins of his home, his feelings overpowered him, and he burst into tears.

"What have I done?" he murmured. "Oh! why need they ruin our house and our growing crops?"

"You have dared to love Liberty better than oppression!" pronounced Philip Lancey, with a kindling eye. "But this must answer for us. We must flee now, but it shall not be always so. No, no—as sure as God is just, just so sure shall the time come when they shall bleed! But come, father, we must hurry."

The old man had approached Philip's side. She placed her small hand upon his arm, and gazed up into his face.

"Tell me all," she whispered—"tell me all you have learned."

"I will," the youth replied, taking the fair hand within his own. "St. Ledger is coming with seven hundred of his rangers, and with him are the Indian chief, Brant; the wicked Claus; Guy, and Sir John Johnson. With these two brothers, Guy and John, are all the Tories of their neighborhood!"

"Is he with them?" the maiden asked, in a frightened tone.

"Did you see Bradbrook, or his father?"

"Both—either."

"They are both with them, of course."

Isabel trembled violently; but in a few moments she composed herself sufficiently to say—

"We must flee, then?"

"Yes, Isabel," answered Philip; and then, while a shade of painful doubt swept across his hand some face, he added: "I wish you to speak plainly—tell me truly—will you place yourself under my care—for the present, I mean—to lead you clear of coming dangers?"

The maiden put forth both her hands. She raised her eyes to the youth's face—her lips trembled—and in a hushed whisper she said:

"In this hour I can look to no one else. Philip —oh! God have mercy on me!——Save me!"

"I will—while life lasts. Hurry, now. Take everything of value you can carry. We must to the fort at once."

Isabel Carleton cast one grateful look into the young man's face, and then hastened away. Philip watched her until she had disappeared within the cot, and then, dashing a tear from his cheek, he hastened forward, and led his father from the spot.

The party which had made its appearance was already on the move again, with Wilder well in advance, and they were soon lost to sight amid the wood at the foot of the hill.

It required some time for Philip to arrange all matters to his satisfaction, but it was done before the sun of Phillis had worked hard, and got all Isabel's things together, and Philip had gathered up such articles of food and clothing as he could carry. They had but one horse, and the cattle had been driven off on the day before.

One thing troubled the young man very much. He had asked, "Where is Jocko?" full twenty times, but no Jocko could be found. He was Philip's negro boy. Everybody in that section knew Jocko, and Jocko knew everybody.

"Where can he have gone?" muttered Philip, impatiently. "It is too bad! The scoundrel! Let me catch him!"

"It can't be that he has fled from danger, can it?" suggested Isabel.

It never entertained that he had such a weakness," returned the youth. "Jocko isn't a coward. Yet he may have run away from fear of being taken by the Indians."

"Now did we'd start at all likely," interposed Phillis, energetically. "I don't b'lieve Jocko 'sleer'lead; oh de Injuns. He's been an' gone to dis country a long time, you may be sartin."

"Still he should be here at such a time," Philip returned, seriously. "I need him at this moment more than he is worth."

Phillis saw that Mas'r Philip was not very good-natured under the disappointment, so she changed her key-note somewhat.

"Well, I 'spect he'll be dretful sgyurwatin'; de wicked boy on't know'd better. But he's a dretful good boy, Mas'r Philip."

The young man knew that, for in a hundred ways he had received pledges of Jocko's faithfulness and affection.

While the people had been thus conversing within the cot, a curious bodily uneasiness or humanity had been making his way rapidly up from the negro's feet. It was a negro, black as ink, and somewhere in the neighborhood of forty years old. When he stood erect he was of medium height, though that was something he seldom did. He looked far more like a huge ape than like a man. His body—the trunk of it—seemed all forced up into his shoulders, which were broad and square, and humped upon the back. His head, which was of massive proportions, set forward, the neck forming a small angle of nearly forty-five degrees with the rest of the spinal cord. The legs and arms were beyond all human likeness in length and muscular development. As he stood in his usual, stooping posture, his fingers' ends came to within a very few inches of the ground, and as he run up the hill he would rear and soon skip along upon "all fours," like a beast. The peculiar rolling up of his body rendered this mode of travel quite easy. In feature this strange creature was not unlike others of his race. He had a kind, generous look, though the predominating expression—that which overshadowed all others—was one of deep, effective cunning. It shone out in his great brown eyes, and in his low, calculating forehead, with its projecting brows; and in the quiet, lurking smile that almost always lay about in the wrinkles of the face.

This specimen of the *genus homo* made his way direct to the cot, and bounded into the kitchen just as Phillis had turned away.

"Ha! how now, Jocko?" cried the young man, as the negro-ape stood before him, speaking in a stony tone——

"Jee! two words, Mas'r Philip," returned the negro, without stopping for the other to finish. "INJUN—TORY! Dat an' Injun tiger, Brant, will him bose ole eagleers, am a comin' slow to hill by de oak clearin,' an' Guy Johnson an' Guy Bradbrook, wid two companies ob Tories, am a comin' round by de ole mill. Dey is to meet dere. Dey tinks you no got um news ob dur comin'. So now Y'll be all packed up, you'd better start for fillin on."

"How do you know all this?" asked Philip, in alarm.

"I heerd it all from de lips ob Guy Bradbrook an' Brant 'umselves. But don't stop now. I tell ye I've been right in amongst 'um, an' dey is a comin' so fast as quick as dey kin. Guy Bradbrook hoped to cut ye off 'preen here an' de fort."

Isabel uttered a low cry of anguish, and caught Philip by the arm.

"Save yourselves, Philip," she cried. Save your father and yourself, and let me——"

"Hold, Isabel," uttered the youth, while his eye flashed and his bosom swelled; "my father tills we were yow. At present he needs my help. While I live, they shall not tear you from those who should protect you. So prepare at once. Hurry, now, for there may be no time to lose."

The maiden brought the horse, all saddled and bridled, and Walter Lancey was assisted on mount, and then Isabel was sealed behind him. Phillis took her young mistress's clothes and a few blankets, while Philip and Jocko took such articles of provision as they could hastily carry.

The sun was just sinking below the distant treetops as the little party were collected in front of the cot, all ready for departure. It was a hard measure, but that was not the time for reflections or wailing regrets. The old man sat erect on his broad fiddle—he saw the noble grain waving in golden light—and he thought that, for the last row, where now the genius of Plenty smiled, the deed of Desolation would soon spread its fire and ruin! He wiped a tear from his eye, and then gathered up the reins which had been resigned to Isabel.

"Can we not hurry on and overtake the rest?" asked Walter Lancey.

Oberlake 'um!" repeated Jocko. "Didn't I tell ye 'at a band ob Injins, under Tories was a comin' dat se way? Jus' say when you're ready, an' den follor me."

Philip knew that his boy would not be thus prompt in his assertions if he were not sure, so he resolved to be guided by his sagacity. Jocko heard, and he shouldered till his heart ached most painfully as he thought of it, for scarce was the cheek of Guy Bradbrook to cut him off from the fort, or, at least, to gain possession of the dearest treasure under heaven. Jocko saw the pain in his shoulder with a firm movement, and having seen that no arms or ammunition were left behind, he gave Jocko the signal for starting.

We shall not weary the reader, and even Philip Lancey had some pangs of fear working about his heart when he remembered that the enemy which surrounded them never showed a sentiment! The Indians scalped when they could conquer; and Tories, with their white faces—but, oh! what hearts!—were not above following their example! Philip knew that Jocko would not lie to him in any fervent; but all faculties and small parties of Patriots were out in the forest or in their retreat from danger, were given to the most exaggerated reports.

Jocko led the way down the declivity in a southern direction, and entered the woods by a path which was not the one taken by the party on the previous winter. They had gone some quarter of a mile in the forest, when they were startled by a low cry not far in advance. It was the signal-call of an Indian!

"Jocko!" he made a mistake, Jocko," whispered Philip.

"No, no, mas'r. Dey'll come jus' as I tole ye, but dere yer must be scouts out around somewhere. Dey has to keep up de fiction——(trick)" he added, in a low tone.

As the negro thus spoke, he tore away a thick mass of low oak bough with one hand, and with the other he seized the horse's head by the bit, and urged him on, till he was beyond sight with his previous bounds.

"Hi! Dey's a coun'!" the fellow whispered. "Dey is, mas'r. Do it. 'Fit it' 'um."

It was dark in the deep wood now, though Jocko could see a good distance from him yet. The twang of Indians was plainly heard, and ever and anon their low signal-call, deep and guttural, broke upon the air. In a moment more there was a different step heard—a quick bounding over the brushwood—and the sharp scold-cry of a dog broke upon the ears of the fugitives.

"It is a hound!" whispered Philip.

"Yas, an' it's Guy Bradbrook's hound. I 'spect 'um will do Injun not an hour ago! He's a trailin' 'um on!"

The words had hardly passed from Jocko's lips.

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* The flourishing village of Scotia now stands upon the site of the fort. Fort Stanwix was built in 1758. During the Revolution it was repaired and occupied, and the name changed to Fort Schuyler.

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when a cry from the dog, louder than the first, announced that he had received them!

Philip's heart sank within him. How could he dispose of the dog without revealing his place of concealment? If he fled, they were bad that he must flee by if the dog found them.

A deep, angry howl broke upon the evening air, and on the next instant a huge blood-hound bounded to the spot in front of their retreat, and there met forth the deep-toned cry of death. The answering whoop from a score of savages followed, and the tramp of the assailants could be plainly heard at no great distance.

"Lost! lost!" gasped Isabel, now clinging wildly to Philip's arm.

And Philip could give no word of hope! He dared not speak!

CHAPTER II.

ISABEL'S STORY.

While the others of the party were bemoaning their misfortune, Jackie was thanking his stars for the good fortune that had befallen them. In another place, along the whole length of the path, was there a work where they could have found the concealment they found here. The negro had often noticed it, and on more than one occasion had he sought shelter there from the rain. The foliage was so dense that no human eye could penetrate it, nor could any sort of shelter or opening be detected. They had reached the spot just in time, according to Jackie's calculation.

As the dog stopped at the place where the little party had entered, Jackie thrust up his thick lips, and sent forth a sound exactly like the cry of the gray squirrel, loud, long and shrill in its chippering rattle. At the same time he himself bent into the bushes, and on the next moment the negro's huge, knuckle fingers were pulling about his throat. He held the brute fast with one hand, while with the other he whipped out his knife, and with a powerful, lightning-like stroke, half severed the dog's head from his body. A few moments more Jackie held the animal down, so that his death struggles might not betray their whereabouts.

It was soon over, and Jackie arose to a kneeling posture just as a party of Indians came up. At a motion from the negro, all were still as stone in within the leafy retreat. The only fear was of the horse; but even that animal seemed to have an instinctive perception of danger, for he made not the slightest noise.

The savages stopped before the place where the dog had come in, and listened.

"He was here," said one.

"After a squirrel," returned a second.

"Yes, I heard a squirrel," said a third.

They then called the dog, and as he did not answer, they moved on, and as they went, one of them was plainly heard to say—

"We'll fetch um white rebels at home if we hurry!"

Jackie counted twenty of the red men, and when they were well out of hearing of the little party once more into the path.

"We must hurry up, now," he said. "If we get to de fort in an hour an' an half, we'll be safe."

Jackie led the way, while Philip brought up the rear; and thus they hastened on through the dense forest. He long the path became more narrow and obscure; and the branches hung so low that those who rode upon the horses were forced to bow down. But no one murmured. They knew that their safe guide would lost move a step beyond a perfect assurance of safety.

They had gone two miles—two miles of tedious, darksome progress—when Jackie asked if the moon was rising. She saw a gleam of light upon the foliage above her head. Philip also had heard; both seen that light, but had said nothing, hoping that the old man might be aware that his form was in flames! But another sound than the voice of Isabel came to arouse Walter Lacey. Just as the moon in broke through the trees above broke upon the air a low, prolonged whoop; and as it came from the north, the old man knew that it was a signal from distance.

The party had just reached an entrance—a sort of rocky ledge—upon which vegetation was stunted and sparse. So a better view was afforded than could have been gained in the dense forest. Walter Lacey turned, and away in the distance—upon the spot he had left only one hour before—he could he saw bright flames flashing up into the sky! He gazed a few moments, and then, while his head drooped, he murmured,

"Fenced!"

It was all he said; and in a moment more the party started on. Philip did not attempt to console his father, for he knew that his benevolent but boldly intrinsic made him easily affected, and words of consolation might only serve to keep the subject longer in his mind. The old man was natural, nor was he at all fretful; but long suffering with a chronic rheumatism that was now severe, and he could not bear, unmoved, what once would have been passed over calmly. At last Walter Lacey was generous and kind, and his love of liberty was stronger than his love of life. His two oldest sons were now with Washington in the Jerseys, or in the edge of Pennsylvania. Stephen was two and-thirty, and Nathan about seventeen. They had enlisted upon the first call for troops in Tryon county; and Philip would have gone with them but for the infirmity of their good old father.

And while we are following the little party through the forest we will give a glance at the story of Isabel's life.

Robert Gardiner and Nathan Bradbrook were both born in New York city, and when they had grown up to be men they were both fast friends together. Gardiner was a gentle, benevolent, Christian man, while his partner, Bradbrook, was stern, severe, promising, and harsh. But an ill-feeling ever lived between the two men. Gardiner rather leaned upon Bradbrook in business matters, and as he was the chief acknowledged his hard-hearted partner's supremacy, all went on smoothly. The artful man had the most money, so that the other was always very careful to appear well before him.

In time Mr. Gardiner had a daughter. This had been an expressed wish for two or three years, as Bradbrook had a son three years of age known before. At first the parents spoke spuritedly when they declared that the children should be reared up for each other. But one long both the mothers died—both taken away by an epidemic that scourged the town. When the parents finally recovered from this terrible blow, they saw their children play together, and Bradbrook said,

"She must be Guy's wife!"

And Gardiner answered,—

"She shall be Guy's wife!"

And so Guy Bradbrook and Isabel Gardiner grew up with the idea engrafted upon their minds that they were to be man and wife.

But many a time, when the gentle Isabel had grown to be an observing girl, did she shudder at the thought that flamed upon her. Guy was a wayward, reckless boy; harsh and unpersuasive; quick and passionate; and extremely selfish. Yet Isabel knew it was her father's wish, and for that father's good she would have given up life itself. She loved him dearly, for he was both father and mother to her; and he was so kind and generous always, that she knew he must have loved her much, or he thought could cause her this unhappiness.

At length the two partners grew to business in the city, and resolved to seek a home in the country. So they started out upon a prospecting tour. Bradbrook found a place that pleased him near Johnstown; but Carlton liked not that place. He kept up on the Mohawk, and finally found a lovely spot near Oriskany. He tried to persuade Bradbrook to come and settle there, but the latter liked better where he had first set his mind. And Bradbrook tried to persuade him to come to Johnstown; but Carlton wanted a more retired place, so the two friends became partially separated, their new homes being some fifty miles apart.

Mr. Carlton's nearest neighbor was Walter Lacey, the latter having been in that section some twenty years. It was in the spring of 1760—just twelve years previous to the time of which we write—that Carlton first settled in his forest home. He brought with him, beside his child, his negro girl Phillis, and Jackie, a negro boy. Walter Lacey gave him all the assistance in his power—gave him shelter till his own dwelling could be erected—gave his advice and encouragement in hours of need, and remained true to his dying moments.

Carlton had nearly twice as much property as Bradbrook, yet he was paid in the end, for the spirit of inequality by saying that it would. "all comes together when the children were married."

This separation was the first blow for Isabel, for had Guy Bradbrook grown up under Mr. Carlton's own observation, he might have become free from his evil disposition and wayward, ungovernable passions, and might have grown up a step forever to any union between such a person and his gentle, loving child. But the boy grew up away, and the visits were few and far between. And the result was that he was all that a growing youth should be. Mr. Bradbrook was proud of his son, and took a great pains to paint his boy as a prodigy of learning, of goodness, of everything desirable; and he was a deep student, and full of generous impulses. And Guy was old enough to procure the duplicity which his father sought to instill into his mind. Consequently he took care to appear very well, especially when in the presence of Mr. Carlton.

When Isabel was twelve years of age her father returned and died. It was then that the boy's gentle girl when the doctor neared her that her father must die. Carlton sent for Bradbrook, but the latter had gone on a visit to Boston. The boy was very unremitting in his attentions, and when the old lawyer died he received from him a letter. He advised the dying man to make Walter Lacey the legal guardian of his daughter.

Robert Carlton was under very happy when Lacey consented to assume the responsibility of guardianship. The necessary papers were drawn up under Carlton's own directions. He left for his child property to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, most of which was invested in New York.

All this was plain to Walter Lacey, and he, therefore, in the old attorney's keeping, and subject to Lacey's order. Next it was ordered that Walter Lacey should exercise full and absolute control over Isabel; Carlton until she should reach the age of fifteen years, at which time she was to receive the wills of Guy Bradbrook. The girl herself was not to be informed of her future lot, but was to look he should leave her for Guy's wife. She supposed it was his earnest wish—and it was the first sin of his life—and she held him—ye. And so she dried was done. The gentle, mild, and lovely girl was bound, by cruel deception, to a future supposed to become the wife of the one her father had chosen.

Mr. Carlton thought it would be better for the young people not to live together, even though in bond, and hence was he pleased that he had gained so excellent a guardian for his young daughter.

It was on Isabel's fifteenth birthday that Guy came—on the twentieth day of November,—and she was on that day to become his wife. He came back place, and then the sweet child went to live with Walter Lacey and Philip—not as a servant, but as nurse and protector. Carlton's land was all placed under the care of Mr. Lacey, and all matters of business brought to decide were left with him. The old attorney had no business to call him back immediately, as he had been thoroughly put in fact, and remained awhile to enjoy the fresh air of the mountain in the wilderness.

In three weeks after the death of Mr. Carlton, and just as Isabel was beginning to smile again, Nathan Bradbrook and his son arrived. The old had been done, and to take the orphan home. But when they arrived at the house they were informed as they were to remain for some years. Mr. Bradbrook was very angry at first, but soon began to see of undue influence over the dying man. But fortunately the old lawyer, Mr. Jenkins, was there, and he explained the matter fully, so that Bradbrook had to give up, but he did it with a bad grace, and with a fear of repeated failure. He felt sure that Isabel's money was where he could not reach it! He could not touch a penny of it. He was also aware of his fate that he had not been at home when the messenger came with the intelligence of Carlton's sickness.

Guy, who had grown to be a stout, dumpy youth of over eighteen, was not pleased with the change. He cast eye rested upon Philip Lacey, and in his soul he knew that the latter was to be his rival in person as well as beauty, and in goodness of disposition.

"You are to be my wife!" he said to the gentle girl.

"Yes, Guy," she timidly replied.

"Then don't forget it, for I shan't do, your father I'll look down from where he is and curse you!"

Isabel shrank away from him, and from that time in her life, she wished that her father had not given her to Guy Bradbrook!

But oh! how that wish grew in volume of feeling as time rolled on. When the grew older she could see Guy's character in its true light, and shudder at the thought that some day she must be his wife. And then she could not help contrasting him with Philip Lacey. But upon this she dared not dwell. During the few years of her life she had been by her playmate, and found all her joy in his companionship. She had roamed with him over hill and dell; through meadow and forest; she had carried the game they had captured down to dawn; and she had picked ripe berries for him to eat while he worked in the fields.

"Ah, that I were the Philip Lacey!" mused Guy Bradbrook in her ear, on the day that she was six years of age.

She uttered a low cry of alarm, and shrank from him.

"You have no right to accuse me," she finally said.

"I want accuse you again," was his reply; "only let me say this: you had better be resting in the earth, and Philip Lacey had better be a wayward, reckless boy; harsh and unpersuasive; quick and passionate; and extremely selfish. Yet

And so the feeling had been nurtured. Poor Isabel had resolved to obey her father's dying injunction, and Walter Lacey also said it must be so. He had given his solemn oath to the dying father, and he would keep it. Isabel knew that young Guy Bradbrook when she should be nineteen years old; and she prayed that God would in the meantime soften the older Bradbrook that it should be done.

And now it lacked something under four months of the appointed time. It was now the first of August, and the fourth of the succeeding November that time would come!

Then the reader will judge something of the situation of Isabel Carlton and her protectors. By John Johnson was the leading spirit of the Tories and Indians of the Mohawk Valley, and Nathan Bradbrook was one of his right hand men. Both Nathan and his son, Guy, had been promised the use of so many of Brant's Indians as they might require, in any movement against Lacey, Philip knew that Guy was only too glad to do Isabel harm if he could, and he knew, too, what it meant.

Thus the reader will see her little party in the wood.

CHAPTER III.

NEW ENGLAND.

As Jackie led the way down the ledge, from which the flames of the burning cot had been seen, the same stopped upon a small rolling stone, and came very nigh throwing his riders off. At first the Lacey party were quite in the wilderness, but in a few minutes the animal began to limp, and ere long he became so lame that he traveled with difficulty. Then they came to a hill, which Philip remembered the lame limb. It was the right foot that was affected, and the left hind leg. The left hind leg lower part of the leg were found to be much swollen, and might have been a sprig forever in any union between such a person and his gentle, loving child. But the boy grew up away, and the visits were few and far between. And the result was that he was all that a growing youth should be. Mr. Bradbrook was proud of his son, and took great pains to paint his boy as a prodigy of learning, of goodness, of everything desirable; and he was a deep student, and full of generous impulses. And Guy was old enough to procure the duplicity which his father sought to instill into his mind. Consequently he took care to appear very well, especially when in the presence of Mr. Carlton.

When Isabel was twelve years of age her father returned and died. It was then that the boy's gentle girl when the doctor neared her that her father must die. Carlton sent for Bradbrook, but the latter had gone on a visit to Boston. The boy was very unremitting in his attentions, and when the old lawyer died he received from him a letter. He advised the dying man to make Walter Lacey the legal guardian of his daughter.

Robert Carlton was quite very happy when Lacey consented to assume the responsibility of guardianship. The necessary papers were drawn up under Carlton's own directions. He left for his child property to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, most of which was invested in New York.

All this was plain to Walter Lacey, and he, therefore, in the old attorney's keeping, and subject to Lacey's order. Next it was ordered that Walter Lacey should exercise full and absolute control over Isabel; Carlton until she should reach the age of fifteen years, at which time she was to receive the wills of Guy Bradbrook. The girl herself was not to be informed of her future lot, but was to look he should leave her for Guy's wife. She supposed it was his earnest wish—and it was the first sin of his life—and she held him—ye. And so she dried was done. The gentle, mild, and lovely girl was bound, by cruel deception, to a future supposed to become the wife of the one her father had chosen.

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her than any one else, how far he could venture in safety. He crawled away like a cat, and was one long hidden away until the branches of a tree directly over the spot where the Indians had met.

A long halfhour was spent by the fugitives around the great rock. They could hear the low hum of voices, and they knew that a sort of council was being held. They could not move from their present quarters, for they knew not which way to go. Robinson and Hawk were standing together, wondering if any evil had befallen Jocko, when they were startled by a low whistling directly over their heads; and upon looking up, they saw a dark object suspended from the branch of a tree right above them.

"Hi-yah-yah!" came in a shrill whisper from the dark mass, and on the next instant Jocko dropped noiselessly down at their feet.

"Hi mah'n, don't act a nuvvers as I see. De red surpents am gwine to march de woods! Dat's too white Tories wid 'em, but I only knowed one ob 'em, an' dat's Guy Bradbrook. He's come down from de burnin' house. He say you come dis way wen he

DEPARTING.

BY CLARA STUBET.

I'm passing from my father's home,
Nor shall I ever return;
But oh! I love fervently my heart
Holds o'er my father yearn.

I'm thinking of the love he bore
To one who long ago
Departed in a bolder home
Than this dark world can know.

I'm wondering if a thought of her
Fell ever on the sigh
That wrapped upward from his heart
When I was mourning by.

And saying that she time had come
For me to journey, I
I thought it might be for her sake
He took would have my stay.

LOST AND FOUND;

OR,

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

CHAPTER I.

I think it must have been her laugh that made the vessel, with its company of a hundred souls, so familiar to me. It was so like a child's, so natural, so free from affectation, so full of the very spirit of joy, that I could not help feeling that it was a part of the ship herself, and that, if she were to be lost, that laugh would be lost with her.

Then, too, I had noticed her hair, which was of a beautiful golden color, and which, in the sunlight, had a glory about it that was like a halo. Her eyes were of a deep violet, and her cheeks were tinged with the delicate pink of the sea-shell. She was a child of about ten years of age, and was the only daughter of Captain Lawrence Fairfax, who was in command of the ship.

I had taken passage in the vessel for the purpose of visiting my friend, Dr. Frederick Weston, who was living in the little cottage you see yonder. I was going to get some water-lilies from there for her when I fell in the water."

"Well, I hope you'll get well and I will take you home and tell your mamma all about it," said Lawrence, sympathetically, and in the manner that seemed to throw him in the fair widow's way.

"But first let me call my horse."

He whistled, and the pretty "Pet" drew contentedly lightly up the lane. He mounted, and, with Ada in front of him in his arms, rode swiftly to the cottage. The door was open, but no one could be seen.

"Charley, you are well enough to run to your mother yourself, and she will not be half so frightened as if I went to tell her," he said, as he set the child down from the horse.

"But you will wait—you will not go away without seeing mamma?" said the little fellow, doubtfully. "She would be very sorry if you should, and if you will sit down here a few moments I will bring her to you."

He patted open the door of a little parlor, led the friend to a seat, and ran across the hall. The frank-hearted sailor smiled at his awkward attempt to conceal his wife's presence, but felt no enemy, unable to beat a retreat, yet half inclined to do so, when he thought of the remonstrance with his first meeting with the widow had assumed. He looked around the room. It was tastefully and elegantly furnished, with a great many books scattered about on the tables, and only one picture on the walls—a fine portrait of a young and handsome man—which hung above the piano.

"The picture of little Charley's father, doubtless," he thought, and again he checked himself as he was about to sigh.

"This way, mamma. I left him in the parlor—and oh, don't you think, he is the same gentleman we saw on the steamer, and who was so kind to Ada?" he said, as the door opened.

"Hush, Charley," was the answer, in a low, sweet voice that made every pulse in our hero's heart bound. "It is not such an act to make a fellow boy remember that, my dear."

When Mrs. Weston entered the room, her visitor stood in the French window, bending over a newly blossomed geranium. She walked straight up to him, holding her little son by her hand.

"Believe me, I am most grateful for the great service you have rendered me this morning," she said, in an agitated voice. "I cannot thank you as I ought; but oh, if the prayers of a fond mother's heart are worth any good, you will certainly be blessed by mine."

She had not yet seen his face; but when she had finished speaking, he turned round with a clicking sob.

"Imogen!"

He had known her at the first sound of her voice. She, on the contrary, had not dreamed that the brother of her friend, Mrs. Cameron, the gallant sailor who had, at one time, made so deep an impression on her heart, was utterly astounded.

"Marcus! mamma's way don't you speak to him? See how he clicked his heels, and he wondering too.

"Go out of the room, Charley, and go to your nurse," said his mother, gravely.

The little fellow, Imogen drew a great armchair beside the window, and made her friend sit down. The touch of her light hand upon his arm produced him as yielded to it at once. Then she brought another chair and sat down near him, and looked him full in the face.

"It is very wonderful!" she said at last. "When we parted, you knew that I was a child-bride. He did not prove it to his lips, although he longed to do so; he only looked at it, as it lay, like a little white lily, in his, and felt that he was happy.

"Have you been happy, Imogen?" he asked.

"I will not deceive you," she said, with a flush at the portrait. "Some three years ago, I was quite happy, and ever since then, I have learned to be resigned. I have one treasure, Captain Lansdowne, in my son. I would rather thank you for saving him than any other man on earth."

"Imogen, do you remember the little dove you gave me?"

She blushed and bowed her head. He touched the spring of his little case, and showed it to her.

"And your chain and anchor, Imogen?"

"I have it safe, Charley—who, by the way, is a namesake of yours, Captain Lansdowne—but often begged for it, but I have never allowed him to take it from its box."

"A namesake of mine?" said the captain, coloring like a girl. "Do you mean it, Imogen?"

"Certainly. He is named for you and his father, by my own request. But since the death of my husband, he has never been called Frederick."

Her eyes drooped before the eager glance of his. His hands beside her chair, and took her hand in his.

"Imogen, I have loved you for six years, although I believed you to be another's, and never hoped to meet you again. God has brought us together in a strange way. It only remains for you to say whether I shall ever leave you again. You are the only woman I ever loved, or ever can love. Imogen, will you be my wife?"

"Are you sure that you will not pity me hereafter?" she said in a low voice, while her face was covered with blushes.

"Imogen, do not trifle with me," he said hoarsely. "Will me at once if I may love you or not."

"Love me as long and as fervently as you will, you can not answer, never be dearer to me than you are now," she whispered, as his arm stole around her waist, and her head sank upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Imogen, this pays me for all I have suffered!" he murmured, as he pressed his lips to hers. "I could die now, gladly."

"Here I think it would be more to the purpose to live, judging by present appearances," said a laughing voice at the door.

The lovers sprang to their feet in consternation. Mary Cameron was just entering, and Charley's voice was heard in the hall. She welcomed them, called him in, and kissed his fair forehead with all a father's fondness.

"Well, Imogen, I have outwitted me, Mary," he said, shaking hands with his sister, who was trying to look grave, but could not for laughing. "I have only in the world did you not tell us before?"

"Because I stood on my own ground," said Mary, crying and laughing in the same breath. "First, my good friend Genie lets me take a present to her husband, and finds a letter and a dollar embroidered there. Then comes my brother from the steamer, and I find him in the arms of a lady I never see again, thus giving me the key to her former confusion. Now, good people, you are within half a mile of each other, was I not perfectly right in leaving you to find each other out?"

"Perfectly," said her brother, drawing his Imogen closer to his side, and kissing the fair head laid upon Charley's fair head. "And you have for your brother the happiest man on earth."

"I have won my wager," she said, saucily.

"And you have earned it," said Imogen.

He did remember it on his wedding-day, by clasping a magnificent diamond bracelet on her arm, as she came up to him her new name.

BANK OF ENGLAND NOTES.

The Bank of England note is unique in character, having altered very little in appearance since it was first issued, at the end of the seventeenth century. The paper on which the notes are printed, the engraved writing has never been brought up to a higher degree of excellence. In the treasury of their safe, the authorities of the Bank have had entirely to do with the production of the notes, their fraud and loss. Instead of defending themselves, as in the practice in some other countries, by secret marks, they have made the most open publication and printing of which are equally ill executed, the Bank of England secret is a paper and printing which may not be possessed by any one who will make himself liable to transportation. It is the manufacture of the paper, the plate-printing, and the type-printing of the note. The paper is distinguished by

1. By its color, a peculiar shade, such as is neither sold in the shops, nor used for any other purpose.

2. By its thinness and transparency, qualities which are obtained by the manufacture of the paper being washed out by turpentine or removed by the knife, unless a hole is made in the place thus rendered thin.

3. By its characteristic feel. There is a peculiar crispness and toughness in that kind of paper, which enables those who are accustomed to handle it to distinguish immediately from the sense of touch alone, two from false notes.

4. The wire mark (or water mark) is produced in the paper in the process of pulp; consequently a larger mold procure a mould, and make it for themselves. But both the material of the mould and the manufacture of the paper, from its peculiar nature, are kept with the most jealous secrecy. As these are not found in the hands of crime, a copious imitation of the water mark has been the result of a notable device to counteract the counterfeit paper after it has been made.

5. The water device edge of the note exists. The mould contains two notes, placed lengthways; consequently a large sheet of paper is the first stage of manufacture. The deckle (or wooden frame of the paper-mould) produces that peculiar effect which is so on the edges of the note, and it is caused when this substance is in the state of pulp. It is an unlike any industrial production upon paper, as the vent or laumed edge of lines, etc., which is so on the edges of the note. The reason this that any paper purchased for purpose of forgery, inasmuch as it has to be cut into stamp, it loses the very natural or deckle edge of the most, instead of three, and must bear, in consequence, the incontestable proof of theft.

6. The strength of the bank-note paper. Being made entirely of linen rags, and the best sorts, but from raw linen and new cotton pieces, the paper of the bank-note is extremely strong.

In this respect, the paper of which a bank-note will support 56 lbs., and when one grain of the paper of bank-note is dissolved in 1 lb. it will half a hundred weight. The bulk of the note is considerably reduced by the process of printing, the process of tracework. The paper is moistened for printing by water which is put into use under the pressure of the atmosphere admitted into the exhausted receiver of an air-pump. The ink and colors are invisible, and the note-bills in forgeries have usually a blemish or brownish tint. The engraving of the bank-note paper is also executed in one of the presses in use at the bank. The combinations of plate with type printing in itself is a powerful check upon the successful forgery of a bank note. All that one remains is the signature of the clerk. This is called valuable as a moral restraint against counterfeits. At the same time the clerk of signature of bank-note paper manufactures is refused by its being sulled both in the printer, who requires the least, and to the engraver, who requires the greatest quantity of skin in the paper to fit it to their respective purposes.

* These curious particulars about the notes of this nature are from Mr. Hendriks, and are to be met with more minutely in the present case by all classes.—Ed. of THE LEDGER.

CHAPTER II.

Six years had passed away. "The Castle of Indolence" was ready for sea, on her first voyage of trip, and weathering many a fearful storm, too, for one night, as the sky quickly in part, and heard the wind in the rigging. To her credit it was a gracious distance. Not on account of the pleasure in her, for he could well afford to lose that—but because the presence of the lost Imogen was almost always on his mind, and he felt that he could him elsewhere and when, at last, Mr. Scofield, mostly, and obliged and rested, as the friend was on deck each day, and kept his young wife in close attendance upon him, Imogen was always left more under his protection. It may be that neither of them were displeased with this new arrangement. Certainly the captain's sight, that young and his voice more cheerful when Imogen leaned upon his arm, as he paced the deck, or sat on deck; and she, who, according to all the rules of romance, should have been pining for her absent, was quite assiduous to her absent lover, was putting off all letter-writing, as rather a disagreeable duty, to be performed when with friends, and only then, and wherever she thought how soon the year would be willing to go on with the story of her married life. Yet, had any one whispered in her ear the real state of her heart, she would have answered with a false, without the slightest hesitation, and with real indignation.

Like all things pleasant, that voyage came to an end at last. The last walk on deck by moonlight had been taken, the last cup of tea drunk in the cabin, and nothing remained but the final adieu to be said. Imogen leaned against the taffrail, and, looking and backed softly at the shifting crowd that thronged on the deck, and at the baggage piled up in readiness to go ashore. She dreaded nothing—for she knew not why, and would almost have been willing to go on with the voyage, rather than reach London.

"Imogen," said a low voice behind her.

She turned, and saw the Captain there. In his hand he held a small golden anchor, elegantly designed and carved, and on the shank of it was the name precious metal.

"We part to-night," he said, in an agitated voice, "and we may never meet again. Will you wear this little token in memory of one who can never, never forget you?"

He seemed so sincere, so earnest, that she could not bear to wound his feelings by refusing the gift. She bowed her head, and let him place it around her neck. But as he did so, he touched a little charm of precious stones, made in the form of a carrier dove, from the chain of her watch, and fastened on his.

"I will keep your gift on condition that you will retain mine," she said; "and if, in the years of change, we should ever meet again, we will see which of us has remembered the other best."

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and said—

"Imogen, may I speak?"

A crimson flush covered her face, and she was about to turn away. But he stood before her, and exclaimed:

"Imogen, you must hear me now! From the first hour in which we talked together I have loved you. You, and you only, can make my life a happy one. Imogen, are you too proud to become the wife of one who has never loved before, and who would gladly die, if he may not live, for you?"

"Oh, hush! hush!" said Imogen, who now was

"No, not that," he said, hastily. "I can make no wager with that, even though I am sure of winning."

"Well, then, I'll wager it against another bracelet to match it, that, if you once see the widow, you will forget all about me in the end. You have no idea what a fascinating creature she is, my dear brother."

"Were she a second Mary, Queen of Scots, it would make no difference with me," he said, as he walked away. "I accept your wager, since you are foolish enough to make it—so look after your bracelet."

His sister watched him a moment, and laughed heartily. Then she ran into her room, and tried that led to "Chatsworth."

He rode slowly along, thinking, not of the fair widow, but of Imogen. After an hour's saunter through the delightful green lane, and a peep at the small stone cottage, in the prettiest, he turned his horse's head towards home.

He loosened the bridle and walked slowly along the unfrequented path, leaving the steed to follow him when he chose. Suddenly a piercing scream —the scream of a little child—startled him. It was repeated again and again, and he was swiftly at the spot from which it came. He reached a little pool, evidently inclosed within some private grounds, and in time to see a little child sink beneath the dark water. It was but the work of a moment to pull off his coat and seize out into the pond. The child had evidently fallen from a low rail, for there was nothing to be grasped, and rose to the surface just as the captain reached the place where he had seen him sink. Lansdowne caught him by the arm and swam swiftly to the shore.

The child—a delicate-looking little boy, with long curls of fair hair—soon breathed again under the gentleness and care of his rescuer, and, with a pair of large, dark gray eyes, looked up into his face.

"Now, then, my little man, tell me your name," said Lansdowne, as he raised him in his arms, "and I will take you home."

"My name is Charley, sir."

The little fellow's head drooped sighed, thinking, if fate had so willed it, a son of his might have borne the same name.

"Charley what, my boy?"

"But you will wait—you will not go away without seeing mamma?" said the little fellow, doubtfully. "She would be very sorry if you should, and if you will sit down here a few moments I will bring her to you."

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"Are you sure that you will not pity me hereafter?" she said in a low voice, while her face was covered with blushes.

"Imogen, do not trifle with me," he said hoarsely. "Will me at once if I may love you or not."

"Love me as long and as fervently as you will, you can not answer, never be dearer to me than you are now," she whispered, as his arm stole around her waist, and her head sank upon his shoulder.

"Oh, Imogen, this pays me for all I have suffered!" he murmured, as he pressed his lips to hers. "I could die now, gladly."

"Here I think it would be more to the purpose to live, judging by present appearances," said a laughing voice at the door.

The lovers sprang to their feet in consternation. Mary Cameron was just entering, and Charley's voice was heard in the hall. She welcomed them, called him in, and kissed his fair forehead with all a father's fondness.

"Well, Imogen, I have outwitted me, Mary," he said, shaking hands with his sister, who was trying to look grave, but could not for laughing. "I have only in the world did you not tell us before?"

"Because I stood on my own ground," said Mary, crying and laughing in the same breath. "First, my good friend Genie lets me take a present to her husband, and finds a letter and a dollar embroidered there. Then comes my brother from the steamer, and I find him in the arms of a lady I never see again, thus giving me the key to her former confusion. Now, good people, you are within half a mile of each other, was I not perfectly right in leaving you to find each other out?"

"Perfectly," said her brother, drawing his Imogen closer to his side, and kissing the fair head laid upon Charley's fair head. "And you have for your brother the happiest man on earth."

"I have won my wager," she said, saucily.

"And you have earned it," said Imogen.

He did remember it on his wedding-day, by clasping a magnificent diamond bracelet on her arm, as she came up to him her new name.

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ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

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THE PANIC.

Confidence is not more beautiful, as crowning the quieter and tenderer relations of life, than it is essential to the well-being of society, in its broadest and most practical sense. Where this cohering spirit ceases between man and man, or among the masses and castes of men, there is no longer unity of purpose or harmony of action. In the absence of confidence, small difficulties, that might otherwise have been easily overcome, swell into great disasters, and spread the tide of discord and ruin far and wide. It is one of the unalterable conditions of humanity, that it must be fraternal to be happily progressive—and without absolute confidence there can be no real fraternity. This is not more true of individuals than it is of communities and nations. The affairs of the weightiest governments, as well as the intercourse between man and his fellow, depend for their best issue upon confidence between all the interested parties. This is the main-spring of human advancement.

These reflections have been suggested by the extraordinary aspect of the times, as viewed from business and financial points. Within a few weeks—and still developing—we have had the remarkable spectacle of a great, if not general, prostration of public and private enterprise, threatening the severest pressure to the industrial classes—particularly in seaboard cities, and the manufacturing regions of the country—and all this in the face of one of the grandest harvests that ever crowned a year. The financial panic and business crash now spreading and reverberating all over the land, must have a cause somewhere else than in the dearth of real means, or the amount of the debts of the country—for our means, of earth-product, were never more ample, and our debts, at the worst, are as the fly upon the wheel against our power to move on, if we only had confidence—private and public—the confidence of a few months ago, when a panic had not yet been conjured by the croaking and timid, nor a crash been thought of, though the country had less absolute means to turn with then than now.

When a panic gets under way, it is harder to stop than a prairie fire. One man's fall invites and forces another; some go by the board of sheer need, while many take advantage of the "fear and confusion" to break, when they might with a struggle have stood fast. The weak and rotten go first, but soon the strongest catch the infection and give up the ghost. Men grow suspicious of one another in the ratio of their selfishness, and the contraction of confidence but aggravates the evil, until the small trouble becomes a public calamity. Such is the history of panics, like the one now paralyzing the country.

Instead of looking at the best side, every one looks at the worst. The cloud has been foreshadowed, and the storm fairly evoked, by a class who for months would have it that a crash must come—and since it must they kindly engineered it and "worked up" the public mind. Had they been as diligent in strengthening as they were in weakening public confidence, the present period of distress would have been averted—or at least modified. Even now, it only requires the burial of this universal distrust, which forbids forbearance on the part of creditors, and quenches the hope and courage of debtors, to bring all around right. We have, doubtless, been living too fast as a people—this is clear as noon-day; but this is no reason why we should rush and hang ourselves; it need have been nothing more than a severe warning, at the pinch of "paying the fiddler," to cease our mad extravagance, go about paying our debts and recover our equilibrium, and thereafter be more prudent and wise.

There is one cheering fact amid the gloom of the times, and that is that the violence of the crash falls where it belongs—upon those who have pushed their credit farthest, and leaned most on others. The overtraders and speculators must bear the scorch of the sirocco. Still, the humblest labor is affected, and in some directions will suffer severely ere the coming winter be past. But the country at large has ample means in the glorious harvest for a good living, and with breadstuffs cheap, and sweets falling to their old level, we shall pass this reactionary crisis, and five years hence few will care for or remember the panic of 1857.

LIVES OF THE LIVING.

Conservatives in literature have had their sensitiveness greatly shocked within a few years, by the growing disposition of the reading public to receive autobiographies of the living, rather than biographies of the dead. It required some boldness to trench on a universal custom, but the good sense of having eminent men's histories written while the record was fresh, and the men were living to be appealed to in verification of their record, was so manifest as to overbear critical objection. The autobiographies of men remarkable for useful services to mankind never require apology. The world would have been far richer in noble influences for the young, if it had oftener been made familiar with the history of living great men.

Most eminent men have been acknowledged at the point of eminence, but want of familiar knowledge of the habits and incidents of their lives has veiled them in mystery from the crowd, and caused them to be regarded with wonder, as men rather super-human than mortals like ourselves. A touch of the biographer's pen would, by showing the simple paths of the great, have encouraged others to emulate the easy example. What have we for high example but the lives of great and good men? and how necessary, to give this example force, that such lives should be laid before us minutely drawn by the pen-painter. Biography, like history, has been too much a fraud upon mankind. It has overlooked the men whose lives were fitted to be imitated, giving all the pæans to warriors and kings. Macauley laments, while writing his history of England, that he can learn no more of the *people* of past time. The record is given up to despots and desolaters. Battles and coronations are the land-marks, and bloody revolutions the remembered epochs; but there has been preserved scarcely a muster-roll of the warriors of peaceful pursuit—the champions of true manhood—who fell the forests and plant the wilderness with hamlets and nations. These men are overlooked, though the monuments of their toil and genius everywhere remain. But the world is becoming tired of this injustice, and is disposed to turn and study the lives of living, useful eminence. The story of every man who has accomplished a worthy work in himself, goes to inspire other men, and ennoble our manhood. We see in such a record that name and fame are not, necessarily, the reward alone of caste or title, but that men born in the humblest ranks—inheritors of poverty and obscurity—may rise, by force of industry, talent and virtue, to rival

> "The immortal names
> That are not born to die."

LIFE'S BRIGHT SIDE.

It is a common saying that life has two sides—the one bright and cheering, the other dark and disheartening. Nor is this mere fancy. On the bright side we find the birth-right of fortune, friends, domestic harmony, and everything else calculated to offer a real welcome to the inheritor as he first opens his eyes to the little world of infancy. And as he grows up to years of discretion and self-reliance, and begins the world for himself, the periphery of his vision takes in, still, only prospects of wealth and comfort. On the other there is the birthright of poverty, domestic discord, friendlessness as to outside relations, and all else calculated to repel the young visitant, and make his advent *unwelcome*. *His* growth is to only a too bitter realization of the adverse circumstances of his birth, which now follow and thwart his manly aspirations and endeavors! If he rises in fame or fortune, it must be without and in spite of the aids of which the child of fortune is so secure! "True," we think we hear some observant reader say, "but may he not *do* all this, as other heroic children have done before?" We answer, assuredly he may, if he has the capacity and will only look on the bright side of life. And this brings us to the point of the hope-lesson which we desire hereby to inculcate.

We believe it is in the power of many people to make life seem bright, or dark, at their will—nay, to render what at first *seems* so only, *really* so in the end. This they do by looking constantly on the dark side of their circumstances, instead of the bright side. Hence they see lowering clouds, and hear black, howling winds, where the more hopeful can detect favoring gales and rainbow-tinted skies!

Let us, then, look, as much as possible, on the bright side of our circumstances, as those who are determined to hopefully and perseveringly bend their circumstances to their wishes, instead of bending *to* their circumstances in the paralysis of despair. "*Nil desperandum*" is a motto which has a glorious significance to such as habitually look on the bright side of life!

THE CONSERVATISM OF RURAL LIFE.

There is no spectacle, to a discriminating mind, more encouraging than the general unconcern of that great "stand-by" class of our people, the farmers, about the result of the party struggles which keep up such a clatter around them. Designing and selfish politicians, who prate of the interests of the "dear people" with their tongues, while they plot schemes for the public injury and their personal benefit in their corrupt hearts, appeal to their fears and prejudices in vain. They may talk of the Union being in danger, and of the salvation of the country depending solely on the election of a particular ticket and a certain set of candidates, but it goes, as the saying is, in at one ear and out at the other. The farmers may take the trouble to vote, but it is either done habitually, from a conviction that patriotism demands the use of their franchise, or merely to accommodate some importuning political neighbor or acquaintance, perhaps upon the principle of economy which some people follow in their bearing towards beggars, viz., to get rid of them at the least cost of time and money! Having deposited their votes, they return quietly to their farm-yards or fields, and resume the implements of their noble, yet unpretending calling, with the calm assurance that the Union is not in the slightest danger of dissolution, nor the country at all nearer to the brink of ruin than when they were first told of its "imminent danger," ten or twenty years ago!

Politicians and their parties may thrive in cities; they never can in the country. There, among those most approved specimens of God's handiwork—the honest tillers of the soil—the people rest secure in the vastness and variety of our glorious national heritage's resources, while the politicians are left to play their game among people more unnatural in their thoughts and feelings, and therefore more readily brought under their selfish and scheming control.

Heaven be thanked for the conservatism of rural life!

THE FOLLY OF PRIDE.

Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span high, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man: humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A WORD ON THE OTHER SIDE.

Heaven give our sex patience to read such trash as the following: "If irritation should occur, a woman must expect to hear from her husband a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires."

Now, with my arms a-kimbo, I ask, *why* a woman should "expect" it? Is it because her husband claims to be her intellectual superior? Is it because he is his wife's natural protector? Is it because an unblest marriage lot is more tolerable to her susceptible organization and monotonous life, than to his hardier nature relieved by out-door occupations? Is it because the thousand diversions which society winks at and excuses in his case, are stamped in hers as guilty and unhallowed? Is it because maternity has never gasped out in his hearing its sacred agony? Is it because no future wife is to mourn in that man's imitative boy his father's low standard of a husband's duty?

Oh, away with such one-sided moralizing; that the law provides no escape from a brutal husband, who is breaking his wife's heart, unless he also attempts breaking her head, should be, and, I thank God, is, by every magnanimous and honorable man—and, alas, they are all too few—a wife's strongest defence. I have no patience with those who would reduce woman to a mere machine, to be twitched this way and twitched that, and jarred, and unharmonized at the dogged will of a stupid brute. (This does not sound pretty, I know; but when a woman is irritated, men "must expect to hear a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires!") I have no patience with those who preach one code of morality for the wife, and another for the husband. If the marriage vow allows him to absent himself from his home under cover of the darkness, scorning to give account of himself, it also allows it in her. There is no sex designated in the fifth commandment. "*Thou* shalt not," and "*thou*," and "*thou!*" There is no excuse that I have ever yet heard offered for a man's violation of it, that should not answer equally for his wife. What is right for him is just as right for her. It is right for neither. The weakness of their cause who plead for license in this sin, was never better shown than in a defence lately set up in this city, viz., that "without houses of infamy our wives and daughters would not be safe."

Oh, most shallow reasoner, *how safe* are our "wives and daughters" with them? Let our medical men, versed in the secrets of family histories, answer! Let weeping wives who mourn over little graves tell you.

But while women submit to have their wifely honor insulted, and their lives jeopardized by the legalized or un-legalized brutality of husbands, just so long they will have to suffer it, and I was going to say, just so long they *ought*. Let not those women who have too little self-respect to take their lives in their hands, and say to a dissolute husband, this you can never give, and this you shall not therefore take away—whine about "their lot." "But the children?" Aye—the children—shame that the law should come between them and a good mother! Still—better let her leave them, than remain to bring into the world their puny brothers and sisters. Does she shrink from the toil of self support? What toil, let me ask, could be more hopeless, more endless, *more degrading* than that from which she turns away?

There are all phases of misery. A case has recently come under my notice, of a wife rendered feeble by the frequently recurring cares and pains of maternity, whose husband penuriously refuses to obtain medical advice or household help, when her tottering step and trembling hands tell more eloquently than words of mine could do, her total unfitness for family duties. And this when he has a good business—when, as a mere matter of policy, it were dollars in his short-sighted pocket to hoard well her strength, who, in the pitying language of Him who will most surely avenge her cause, "hath done what she could."

Now I ask *you*, and *you*, and *you*, if this woman should lay down her life on the altar of that man's selfishness? I ask you if he is not her murderer, as truly, but not as mercifully, as if our most righteous, woman-protecting law saw him place the glittering knife at her throat? I ask you if she has not as God-given a right to her life, as he has to his? I ask you if, through fear of the world, she should stay there to die? I ask you if that world could be sterner, its eye colder, its heart flintier, its voice harsher, than that from which she turns—all honor to her self-sacrificing nature, *sorrowing* away?

Perhaps you ask, would I have a woman, for every trifling cause, "leave her husband and family?" Most emphatically, *No*. But there are aggravated cases for which the law provides no remedy—from which it affords no protection; and that hundreds of suffering women bear their chains because they have not courage to face a scandal-loving world, to whom it matters not a pin that their every nerve is quivering with suppressed agony, is no proof to the contrary of what I assert. What I say is this: in such cases, let a woman who *has the self-sustaining power* quietly take her fate in her own hands, and right herself. Of course she will be misjudged and abused. *It is for her to choose whether she can better bear this at hands from which she has a rightful claim for love and protection, or from a nine-days-wonder-loving public.* These are bold words; but they are needed words—words whose full import I have well considered, and from the responsibility of which I do not shrink.

Fanny Fern.

COMMON SENSE FOR THE HARD TIMES.

Any afternoon of a pleasant day, when the ladies of New York are out in all their jewelry, crinoline and glory, it is safe to say that between St. Paul's Church and Union Square, there is flashing and rustling along the west side of Broadway at least a million of dollars' worth of jewelry and dry goods, at any moment between three and five o'clock, and that during the fashionable hours for the promenade, not less than two millions' worth are thus displayed. And yet, in the homes of many of these bedizened promenaders, ruin and dismay are stalking. There is plenty of finery in their houses but no comfort. There is money for the opera, but none to pay the hard-worked servants. There are mighty efforts made to "keep up appearances," but not a single honest attempt to do what reason and integrity require. Are such people deserving of sympathy? No. They deserve contempt and execration, rather. Let them sell their jewelry, and finery, and costly furniture, pay off and discharge their servants, move into humbler dwellings that they can pay the expense of, go to work all round, and conscientiously live within their means, however small they may be, and they will then know what peace and comfort are, and enjoy the respect and sympathy of all good and honest people.

OCEAN DISASTERS.

A mighty, mysterious, and terrible thing is the ocean—so mighty that when the gale lifts its waves and hurls them against the art and power of man the proudest ships are whelmed; so mysterious that no human knowledge can penetrate its depths, so terrible that even the earth trembles at its tread, and the strength of man cowers and is scattered as chaff on its bosom. Mighty, mysterious, and terrible ocean:

> "Man marks the earth with ruin, his control
> Stops with the shore, for on the watery plain
> His wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
> A single vestige of man's ravage, save his own,
> When, like some bubble burst, without a groan,
> He sinks unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown."

But not so sank they who went down in the ill-fated "Central America," a hecatomb whose dying yell might well appease the fiercest furies of the storm. Death, at the best, is the most awful shadow in the path of life. Prepared as we may be, its grim presence shocks us. And more awful when its blow comes unexpected—when the silver chord is loosened amid the crash and agony of great disasters, such as earth is called too frequently to witness. It is terrible enough to be wrecked on the earth; but more fearful out upon the ocean, where man can but feel, when all seems well, how utterly little and helpless he is when the *moving* elements are conjured for his destruction. To stand on the stoutest deck, far from land, and know that death is surely coming in the gale, the surge, or in fire and explosion—death with all its shapes of horror—what could be more intimidating to the bravest soul? Terrible fate! The storm rises, the ocean seethes and hisses, the frail craft strains and creaks in a vain struggle with nature, and when the fearful moment comes, all that paralyzed, despairing man can do is to shriek his own requiem as he is plunged into the abyss. Our wonder is, not so much that there is not more order and calmness in the face of an ocean wreck, but rather that human beings, brought to such a crisis, do not more wildly despair. If to shrink from death in its ordinary forms be only natural, how much more natural that man, and more timid woman, should recoil with horror from death in its most terrible form. And such is the death that hovers over the ocean wreck.

Ah, if human bravery, if self-sacrificing courage is ever lofty and worthy hymns of praise, it is when they nerve the "heroes of the sea" to stand fast to the post of duty, when that post is one of peril and death. The noble Herndon—to such as he the fate of empires might be trusted—if their own lives were the price of their fidelity. Let such be honored by a deathless remembrance. So all else may be saved in the hour of doom, they will stand up in the face of death—and dare to die. Yes, prefer to die at the post of duty, rather than live dishonored by one gleam of selfishness or cowardice. Aye, prefer to die, though life be sweet, and their years green and golden, and the tenderest ties pulling at their heart-chords from the far-away home, and beloved ones who shall see them no more.

Disasters, by sea and land, have ever been and ever will be. Their fearfulness cannot disarm them. They are a part of the fortune and destiny of man. He must forever seek to conquer nature—to subdue and triumph over the elements—and he must at times fail and be overwhelmed. It is his nature and lot—there is no especial providence about it. The volcano will burst, the earthquake will tramp, and the tornado will sweep, whether man be present or not. Out in deserts and wildernesses the great devastating phenomena of nature appear, equally as in the settled spaces of earth—and so, too, do the winds and tempests spur the ocean whether man be there or not. The elements must have their course, and if man tempts them he must meet their sport and their fury. No forecast can utterly hedge him from their perils—but every disaster may teach him some lesson for his safety and good. It may teach him greater care and prudence when he contends with superior powers. Perchance some such lesson may come from the late terrible ocean wreck—but above all other lessons, this and all like disasters, should teach us how impotent is man—how little in the hands of God—how pitiful in strength, and how poor in all but his immortal hopes, in the hour of sudden death.

THE SEASON.

Out upon him who sang of Autumn—

> 'The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year.'

What! this a sad season, which beholds the ripened and abundant harvest gathered golden to the garners; which beholds the orchards and vines bending with luscious fruitage, gladdening to the eye and heart of man; which beholds the visage of nature taking on manifold splendors—the woods blushing yellow and crimson, and purple and gold, and the skies reveling in perfect azure, or in cloud-garments, gorgeously piled to the zenith or streaking the horizon, flaming with all the colors of the prism? Nay, it is a glad and glorious season—the crown and luster of the year. It may be sad to those who have gathered nothing through the seasons that are past—those who planted not in the Spring, nor tended in the Summer. But not so to the harvester, with hand, or heart, or brain. He feels a large joy under the October sun, and gazes with rapture on earth, and sea, and sky. There is a fullness and ripeness in Autumn that delights the manly soul. Each bursting tint, on flower and leaf, bespeaks to him the marvelous splendor of nature and the illimitable resources of God. June and October are the jewels in the girdle of the year—and October the most beautiful. Go out into the fields and upon the mountains, O denizen of the city, and behold how fair is her face, and how magnificent her apparel. She walks abroad in beauty, a garlanded queen. Her chariot flashes through the gates of the loveliest mornings; her coursers tread the mottled purplings of the rarest sunsets. Her breath is fragrance, her countenance is light! She is October, peerless among her sisters—

> "The fair twelve,
> That do all seasons form and fill,
> And circle the revolving year."

True Usefulness.—The usefulness of a man is not to be estimated by the length of time during which he is employed, but by the character of the resources, powers, and qualifications which he combines, and puts vigorously in operation, while he is engaged in any undertaking. Some men will be more useful in *an hour* than others will be in *a year*.

Life and Cost of a Locomotive.—The life of a locomotive is estimated at one hundred and fifty thousand miles; and the value of a first-rate engine is some $12,000. It follows, therefore, that every mile a locomotive runs costs just eight cents,—besides fuel, fireman, and engineer.

A spoiled child is an unfortunate victim, who proves the weakness of his parents' judgment much more forcibly than the strength of their affection.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

Posthumous glory is a revenue payable to our ghosts; a Will-o'-the-Wisp; an exhalation rising from the ashes and corruption of the body; the glow-worm of the grave; a Jack-o'-lantern, of which a skeleton is the Jack, and the lantern a dark one; the brief twilight that survives the setting of the vital sun. "Ashes to ashes" may be said of our fame as well as of our frame. When the earth is cast upon our coffin, it sends up a hollow sound, which, after a faint echo, dies and is buried in oblivious silence. That fleeting noise is our posthumous renown. Living glory is the advantage of being known to those you don't know. Posthumous glory is enjoying a celebrity from which you can derive no enjoyment, and enabling every puppy in existence to feel and assert his superiority over you by repeating the old dictum that "a living dog is better than a dead lion."

Precept without example is worth little. A guide-board may point out the right road without being expected to follow it; but human finger-posts, especially teachers and preachers, have not the same privilege. When a man's life gives his tongue the lie, we naturally believe the former rather than the latter. Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose nearly all their utility. Tertullian says that "even our writings blush when our actions do not correspond with them." Should not this inconsistency rather produce a contrary effect and prevent our writings from being *read*?

A Court House was burned down on the 20th ult. in Tennessee. The work is supposed to have been done by a gang of desperadoes. It is in vain, however, for men to seek to escape the decrees of justice by such means. If the blind goddess of the sword and scales be driven from her temple, she can hold her court under the humblest roof, or even under the broad blue sky, with her scales suspended in the open air, and her sword flashing in the sun.

We hate to see a lady walking about with a footman after her. It would be better if she were to wear a large label upon her back, inscribed, "I keep a footman." The fair label-bearer would thus carry her footman on her back instead of having him always in her head, and would still have due credit for her aristocracy.

Praise costs us nothing, yet we are oftentimes unwilling to bestow it upon others, even where it is most due, though we sometimes claim it the more for ourselves the less we deserve it; not reflecting that the breath of self-eulogy soils the face of the speaker even as the censer is dimmed by the smoke of its own perfume.

There are many chances in favor of the sufferers from poverty. A distinguished chief justice once said to a rich friend who asked his opinion as to the probable success of his son at the Bar, "Let him spend his own fortune forthwith, marry and spend his wife's, and then he may be expected to apply himself to his profession."

One thing we would counsel to authors—never to make any allusion to themselves. If from sheer modesty they speak disparagingly of their own works, their averments are set down for gospel; if they assume the smallest merit, they are charged with inordinate vanity. Silence is sapience.

"I shall not appoint a day of Thanksgiving," said one of our Governors to a Committee that waited on him upon the subject. "Well, then," replied a member of the Committee, "the people will, by common consent, take for that purpose the day of your retirement from office."

Practice does not always make perfect. Curran, when told by his physician that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, replied, "That is odd enough, for I have been practising all night."

We are apt to feel bound to acknowledge the kindness of those who flatter us with pleasant falsehoods. The bald wife of Seleucus gave six hundred crowns to a poet who extolled the beauty and profusion of her hair.

"I like my man since his defeat as a candidate for re-election better than I did before," said a disappointed voter. "So do I," said his opponent. "I like every man best in his proper place."

Many a person utters an offensive witticism in reply to a friend for no better reason than the boy gave for knocking his father down—"He stood so fair, I couldn't help it."

A vivid idea of the weakness of chicken-soup was conveyed in the wag's query to his wife at dinner—"can't you coax that chicken to wade through this soup once more?"

A lady was requested by a bachelor, somewhat advanced in life, to take a seat on his lap in a crowded vehicle. "Thank you, sir, I'm afraid such an old seat would break down with me."

It has been said that as true a thing as ever was uttered at a public dinner was: "Hoops and the Equator—crinoline and the equinoctional line—the one encircles the earth, the other the heavens."

A contemporary, speaking of one of our Western towns, says, "Just think of a community all lawyers and doctors." Indeed we would rather not.

An Illinois editor asks how to kill humbugs. Let him take a little prussic acid and he will dispatch one very summarily.

An uncourteous editor says, that, if he wanted a fit opponent for us, he "would send to the penitentiary." We fear he is far less likely to *send* than *go*.

The Grand Jurymen of one of our councils have presented the County Jail as a nuisance. We fear that some of them owe it a personal grudge.

The Theaters in the West are generally doing a very excellent business. We presume the Managers may thank their "*stars*."

The Tobacco-chewer has been likened to a goose in a Dutch oven—always on the spit.

CURRENT ITEMS.

A party of young men, who were lately out hunting near the Bayou Sarah, on the Mississippi, were sauntering along near the bank of that stream, when their attention was arrested by a tremendous splashing in the water, accompanied by a bellowing sound. On hastening to a point of view, they beheld a large alligator dragging a cow into the Bayou. They at once shouted and fired at the monster, but he kept his grip upon his victim, though one of the shots took effect in his left eye. As soon as he got into deep water, he and the cow disappeared beneath its surface, which continued to be agitated by bubbles for sometime, until at last its crimson hue showed them that the alligator was gorging himself upon his victim's carcass.

There is a rumor that a wealthy, witty, and beautiful Fifth avenue lady has recently left her elegant home and her family and run off with a negro-minstrel. If this be so, we think the lady must be the one whom the poet had in his prophetic eye when he declared to "Frailty" that her "name is Woman."

A boy of sixteen years, named Henry Loder, while recently seeking for his father's cows in the woods of Jefferson county in this State, was attacked by a young wild-cat, which scratched out one of his eyes, and otherwise severely injured him before he succeeded in overcoming and killing it.

A vicious young lad, named Samuel Greene, whose parents live in the Ninth Avenue, on being reproved, a few days since, for improper conduct, by his mother, revenged himself by putting a live coal from the grate upon the neck of his little infant sister, that was asleep in the cradle.

It is stated that a man "out West" has at last invented the real bona fide perpetual motion, and that "when his machine is once set a-going it will run till it wears out." We might put some faith in this had not the same thing been said a myriad times before.

No less than three confidential clerks were recently detected in one day by their employers in this city in large embezzlements. They were all young men, and declared they owed their ruin to association with disreputable females.

There is a Mrs. Hays in Warren county, in this State, who is said to live without eating, the report being attested by many respectable witnesses. In these hard times, such a person has an immense advantage over all the rest of the world.

Mary Ann Colton, a beautiful girl of seventeen, who lived in the Moyamensing district, Philadelphia, committed suicide, a few evenings since, by taking laudanum. Cause, desertion by a false lover.

It is reported that a huge serpent has been repeatedly seen of late in Lake Champlain, near Crown Point. It is perhaps the famous sea-serpent, who has been making that fashionable locality a visit.

An infant child of Mrs. Dorymus, a widow lady residing in South Brooklyn, swallowed several rusty carpet tacks a few days since, which caused its death.

The Emperor of Russia, in a recent ukase, called our mother tongue the American language, thereby ratifying one plank of "Young America's" platform.

The population of Milwaukee has more than doubled in the last seven years.

TO EDGAR.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

Your clusters, lovable letter,
Like a draught of rich Lyonn wine,
In a basket of scintillant crystal,
With arabesques dainty and fine.
I have drained to the lees, and thrice over,
As the rich ruby juice met the sun,
Of golden ray in the cup!

I have paused, a rain, after the morning,
The odorous bend of the rose,
The spiritual kisses of the lily,
And the scent of each blossom that grows;
But nothing has equaled the sweetness
Of the Nectar of rapture divine,
So I send you a cup of cold water
For your draught of rare Lyonn wine.

LADY CLAUDINE;
or,
THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE.

A DRAMATIC TALE.

BY DR. HORATIO W. NELSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1877, by Beriah Brown, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER X.

The father of Emma Stanley had left the little room in the Bell Inn but a few moments when the fair girl, who had seemed, to sustain him in his deep grief-ordeal, a daughter of heroism came from a heart full of tears, laid her face upon her white arms crossed upon the table, and for a few moments wept with the total abandonment of overcharged feelings. Her shining hair fell in lustrous splendor over her arms and about the table, forming a veil of womanly glory over her lovely face. She looked like a weeping Magdalene, only without her sin!

After a brief space devoted to these internal emotions, she raised her face and put back from her forehead her cloud of golden hair, and said, sadly—

"I fear my father is right. Charles may, as all the world will, have slightly fired his daughter of a poor soldier!"

"Nay, Miss Emma!" said a young and pretty rustic woman, with rosy cheeks and putty locks, tied coquettishly with a scarlet ribbon. Her small waist and full bust, her high-step and cheery voice, made her a very attractive little body; and, while standing, she closed the door of the inner room, from which she had come, and where she had been trying to arrange in a trunk what few articles had been saved from her young mistress' commercial wardrobe; for this buxom lass was her waiting-maid. "Notwithstanding the storm of passion of last night, she was as neat and tidy, and as much at her ease as if she were going to church, when she trots in her own elegant toilet-chamber. "Nay, dear lady, Sir Charles loves you too well! He isn't like other great folks, who, when a wife bores the dowry you've lost, (and which loss the Colonel thinks will make him give you his cold shoulder), to wink he is worth? It is but a drop in the bucket of! If I might speak myself, I think he will love you a great deal better now!"

"I cannot say, Betty," said Emma, shaking her head.

"He is not engaged himself to you only three days ago! Does he not know you love him with all your heart? Is he not a perfect gentleman, and so good and generous as he is handsome? He gave me such a beautiful pair of bracelets the very evening you accepted him, he was so happy; because he said, I had some trouble in slitting up so late for him to go; though, dear knower, I would have sat up all night for your sake! Oh, don't spoil your eyes Sir Charles admires so much, dear mistress. Look! there goes by in her carriage Sir Charles' handsome sister, you said you had never seen! Quick, mistress Emma!"

"Lady Claudine?"

"Yes. See! Her face is turned this way!"

"How lovely, and what grace in her and the movements of her head!" said Emma, with undisguised admiration.

"Don't you think she looks like Sir Charles?"

"Yes—only pale—very pale. She is very proud and rich as she is, be sure that she is unhappy! I perceive a stamp of sorrow and anxiety impressed upon her exquisite features."

"They say her husband is very dissipated, mistress. She has ordered her carriage to stop at that Justice's house on the other side of the street. She is going in!"

"A visit, no doubt, of business! How fine and yet light her step is! Oh, she must be, with such a sweet face and form, a happy wife, I dread! I should so love to know her! And, Betty, Sir Charles has promised, now that we are engaged, a desire to have us know each other! But, alas! not now—not now, I fear! As a penniless girl, can never hope to become the sister-in-law of that rich and high-born lady! It is presumption in me to think of it. No, no, I fear! I am not even attracted —though it will—break my heart!" she said, in a touching tone, unheard by her maid.

After a few minutes' delay in the house of the magistrate, Lady Claudine re-appeared. As she entered her carriage her face exhibited a fine smile and fell upon the face—lovely as her own—of Emma Stanley looking from the low window. She returned it by she arrested her foot upon the carriage-step, and looked surprised and saluted very gently with an expression as if surprised to see in so humble a place so beautiful a person. The next moment the carriage drove on, but Lady Claudine looked back, and the eyes of the two lovely women met! Emma blushed and shrank away, and Claudine was her sister!

"Oh, I could love that Lady Claudine with all my soul! How happy I should be to call such a woman my friend!"

"You will call her sister one day, Miss Emma," said Betty Harker, in whom our readers have, by this time, probably recognized the rosy daughter of Andrew the shepherd; who, several years before, gave to Lady Claudine the care of Walter, on that stormy and eventful night when Brinsley Oakes first looked on! It was the year after this that Colonel Stanley had, on leaving the evening Salisbury Plains, stopped at Andrew's dwelling to repair their harness, and where his attention was so interested in his pretty daughter that subsequently she prevailed upon her to take service with her; and between the two had sprung up, on one side, affection, and on the other confidence, in such a degree that they were as much attached, one to the other, as two could be, holding no different political and opposite relations to each other.

"No, Betty, no! That sweet dream is gone!"

"There is a quick knock at the door! Who can it be! I hope no more horrid policemen!"

"Policemen are to be of service to my dear father, in aiding him to recover his pocket-book."

"Ah, no! But for that wicked robbery he would not be so poor. Eight thousand pounds is enough to make a king rich. Miss Emma! Shall I unlock the door and see who it is?"

"Yes. I fear no rude intruders here, though the Inn is humble."

Betty opened the door, and there stood before it a gentleman dressed in fine gray cloth, and wearing an East Indian shawl, and a palm-leaf hat. His face was strikingly handsome, but dark almost to swarthiness; and his black, frankly open eyes and mustache gave him the aspect of an Orientalist. He was a young man, at least, was not more than five or six and thirty. That he was a thorough-bred man and polished gentleman was apparent at a glance.

"It is a stranger gentleman, Miss Emma," explained Betty, courtesying, and yet keeping the door so nearly closed upon him that he could not enter.

"This is Colonel Stanley's room" he asked, in a pleasing voice. "I was told by the landlord I should find him if I came to this apartment."

The voice was singularly musical and richly modulated, and, Emma approaching, bade Betty to open the door. Upon seeing him, she saluted him with a graceful bend of her head and a smile, both of which he elegantly acknowledged, and then said, fixing his noble black eyes upon her with a respectful gaze—

"I must apologize for this intrusion; but on inquiring below for Colonel Stanley, I was directed here. the best being too busy to wait upon a stranger now. Miss Stanley, I presume, I am addressing?"

"Yes, sir."

"I permit me to introduce myself to you as Lord Argyll Heathcote."

"The brother of Sir Charles?" Emma was half in the point of exclaiming; but she checked her words and blushed deeply and then said to Lord Argyll betrayed, far more eloquently than any-

THE WOLF-DOG PROTECTING HIS DYING MASTER AGAINST CAPTAIN OAKES.

thing she could have said, how any one near to Sir Charles, was dear to him.

"He tells me you'll be said to others. "She loves him with all her heart; and is as beautiful as Psyche, and modest withal! I'm half in love with her myself!"

"My father, my lord," she said, in as quiet and self-possessed manner as she could command; for she felt her fate in some way was connected with this visit of her lover's brother, "will regret not being in. He has gone to the prison; but if you will do me the honor to sit down and wait a little while, he will be back."

"With the greatest pleasure, Miss Stanley; but now do you mean, where is my poor father has gone to the prison?"

"At the request of the Chief of Police, to see if he can recognize the two persons who are under arrest as being suspected of robbing him."

"Robbing! Your father robbed!" repeated Lord Argyll, with amazement. "When was this?"

"Last night, my lord."

"Oh, at that and fire, I presume. Yes, at such times plunders are ever on the alert. I heard, only an hour ago, of the calamity which had befallen him. Indeed, we saw the glare of the conflagration from my country seat, some miles out of town; but it was only as I was riding in that the said not me, and the guard told me that St. Andrew's church had been burned, and the residence of Colonel Stanley destroyed. I did not find your father. It is enough to be burned out without being robbed, and I trust no consumes our goods! I trust he did not lose some bank notes I paid him last evening, in part for a place I bought of him."

"Not at the fire, my lord. Was it from your lordship he received six thousand pounds last night?"

"Yes, in Bank of England notes! Are they safe? for he told me he was going home to place them in a drawer of his cabinet; and perhaps they are lost!" said Lord Argyll, with concern.

"They are lost, my lord, but not by fire. My father was robbed on coming home in the early night of eight thousand pounds and a little over. Among those were the bank notes which he told me he had received from some gentlemen. I do not recollect if he mentioned the names."

"It was from me!" Rolled off my and how?"

Here Emma gave Lord Argyll the particulars as far as she knew them.

"This is very extraordinary," he said, after listening with deep interest to her narration of the robbery. "Two men in prison, you say, and he has gone to see if he can recognize them?"

"Yes, my lord. I trust he will be able to identify him."

"But, tut, my dear Miss Stanley," said Lord Argyll, laughing good-naturally, "you distress yourself unnecessarily."

"Oh, my lord, you are Miss Emma!" exclaimed Betty, with joyful looks.

"Yes, my lord, my young woman! You did well to cheer her up if her thoughts take this direction. Miss Stanley, you should have a higher opinion of my brother. Why, blow me, you are a dowry weighed down twice over—of more value than all the gold that lies half my mother's vaults, and take you only with a wedding-ring on your finger! Charles is not so easily to be deceived, sweetheart! I assure you and honor you, and feel honored as if I had known you a dozen years! Sir Charles, my brother, is as generous and true as he is good, and I have no doubt he will have you a great deal more, since, if you have lost everything, everything you are to have is to come from his hands. Why, you are not so much in the dark as you seem! That is why," my chaplain told me only last night, "that I have been, which as they are too, because He has bestowed upon them—given them his own rest—the richest gift in his power to bestow! You are, my poor little heart at rest, child. My brother will be back from London as soon from your son will be there, and have at least a home over your head."

"God bless you, my lord! I am deeply affected by your kind and generous offer. Come, Emma, dear, let us not keep good Lord Argyll waiting."

In a few moments the whole party, and including the pretty Betty, who remained to do some errands, were seated in Lord Argyll's phaeton, and on their way out of Bell, towards Rock Glen. As they rode along the road by which Colonel Stanley had come the evening previous, the latter remarked, to young Lord Argyll, that he had seen a gentleman's place, not a boor's, and will, I verily believe, match the one you moved in now, which you snatched in your struggle with the highwayman!"

"This is a wonderful coincidence, at least," said Colonel Stanley, and his head trembled with agitation as he spoke, and he took his hand, and felt for the glove which the police chief had returned to him after looking at it, with apparent care to retain it as evidence, so far as it would go, on the trial. "Lord Argyll! Can it be that I found it in the right one you took from him?"

"Why, my dear preservative of God!" said Miss Stanley, with emotion. "The two gloves belong to a same person!"

"Yes. This is clear! Now do I, Colonel Stanley," continued Lord Argyll, "begin to have hopes that I shall find the villain who, while I grasped one other, and in wrestling with him, the glove upon it would be in my hand, torn up with rage. And I fear these gloves will be forever silent!"

"He knew that he was a gentleman in our way, will, in good time, give them tongues to speak. Another fact is established. Your highwayman is a gentleman! Now, I am sure, from your friendly conditions of a gentleman. These gloves are of the finest and most expensive Italian make. Gentleman's hair hand ever graced more delicate ones in the shape of gloves. Your highwayman is a rich man! true, though I distinguished neither his face nor the sort of dress he wore, was evidently a man of fashion, from his appearance, his air, his appearance, and his horse was a dappled gray, for this I distinctly perceived with a flash of the interior of horses, Colonel, that a man might pass me, if otherwise dressed, without my eye, and my ear could not tell you anything about him, while I could describe to you all the points of the animal he rode, and the color of his eyes, and expression of his countenance!"

"Nay you?" exclaimed Lord Argyll, with a start.

"Yes. His name is Stapleton. His' hand, moreover, could never have been that of a contested that fact. And I at once stated my certain conviction that a gentleman of his name was within him till to-morrow, when he will be brought before him to be examined as to suspected complicity in the robbery of Colonel Stanley.

"I know this Thomas. I believed him an honest fellow; and I shall not rest till the upon the subject of his innocence. And the other?"

"Is a most unscrupulous shepherd boy, but yesterday from Salisbury Plains, where he has left a bad name behind. The only thing suspicious about him is that he refuses to tell his name and place, and when he came to this city, and for what purpose. He has a bad look about the eyes—which to be more than sixteen—and has a fine, frank, brown face."

"Could he wear the glove?"

"Yes, he tried him; but he put it on as awkward as if he had never had such on before."

"That may have been a feint.

Had he a good figure—genteel? Could he fit shadow and twilight; he mistaken for a person in good society? You know what I mean! In his physique and form manly and erect?"

"Singularly so; being remarkably well formed; and, if dressed well would look outwardly like a well-bred young man. But his speech is a perfect of the Plains, and his countenance indicates total want of intellectual cultivation."

"His reflexes, you say, by no means do come to Rock Glen?"

"Yes, my lord."

"I see!—I comprehend!" still his lordship, smiling: "I will arrange all that. Those old servants are to be kept at home, and the less money they have the prouder they are, and when a soldier is left them but their swords, they are as haughty as emperors!"

Emma smiled, and said again:

"I am relieved, my lord, of a great weight."

"It was a Providence that sent me hither, then?"

"Nay, my mistress did I not tell you you need not take it?" cried Betty, with the air of one who has gained a victory.

"You are a girl of good sense," said Lord Argyll, turning to her. Then addressing Emma Stanley, he added: "If you will tell me by what street I shall be likely to meet your father, I will no longer intrude upon you."

"It is more than no, land," she answered, bearing his footsteps on the stairs. The door opened, and he entered. His surprise at recognizing Lord Argyll was clearly visible in his face.

"What—my Lord Argyll! How have you discovered us in this place?"

"Easily, Colonel. I heard of your great loss, and came to take you and your daughter right down to your cottage at Rock-glen, and urge you to accept it as long as you please: for you know it is one half yours, as I still owe you six thousand pounds on my note."

"I cannot but feel deeply the kindness of your offer, my lord. I will at once accept it," he answered, greatly to the surprise of Emma, who feared a positive refusal. "I accept it in the same spirit in which it is offered."

"This pleases me."

"I will go from the magistrate's ward, be necessary for me to remain in Bath some days about this robbery; and for Emma's sake, I will gladly avail myself of her more agreeable accommodation, especially as they are rooms and roof I have been to me. And since you have not yet entered upon possession, I shall not put you to inconvenience."

"Not in the least! You see I am visitor, Miss Emma. But I am truly grieved, my dear Colonel, to know—which I did not, until your late arrival, for he told me—that you were robbed by a highwayman! A gentleman too last night!"

"Yes—a great outrage! The fellow was told and deposited! He even tried to shoot me down with a pistol, when I struggled with him, and did my best on the spot; and in the contest that followed, he obtained, I know not how, my pocket-book, with its contents! Seeing one or two other persons in the shadows of the trees, and believing I still had my money safe, I determined to escape as it could be done from my hurt. I supposed I were accomplices. But judge my horrors when, on safely reaching home, giving alarm by the way to one or two of the police, I found my pocket-book and money gone!"

"It was a bold robbery!"

"And not only this low bold! me, my lord, but there lower villainwaste my letter was set on fire, as you know, and burned to the ground!"

"Set on fire!"

"Clearly: there were proofs of its being the act of an incendiary," said Colonel Stanley, very gravely. "I, the chief of the police, and other gentlemen half consumed, where the fire first originated."

"What could have been the motive? I trust the incendiary will be detected."

Colonel Stanley shook his head. "It would do no good, my lord! It would restore me nothing. I am not the first victim of the fire. Andrew's church, which adjoined my residence, and was destroyed, was severely burned in trying to save the children and other plate which were in the vestry-room, and will say live. So there is murder as well as arson done!"

"Thank Heaven you and your daughter, Miss Emma, are safe. Now I pray you will at once go with me in my carriage to Rock Glen. In an hour from your son will be there, and have at least a home over your head."

"God bless you, my lord! I am deeply affected by your kind and generous offer. Come, Emma, dear, let us not keep good Lord Argyll waiting."

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"His reflexes, you say, by no means do come to Rock Glen?"

"Yes, my lord."

"This looks badly for him. From all your accounts of him, I am inclined to believe you have found the right man." The criminal records show that some of the darkest crimes have been planned and executed by more than! But to-morrow we will all be present at Sir Henry Dalton's dinner, the magistrate, and see what the examination elicits. Drive on," said Lord Argyll, to the coachman.

"But how should a shepherd's boy have Parisian gloves, my lord?" asked Emma, who had listened with the deepest interest to the conversation.

"No one knows! Perhaps the spoils of a previous robbery."

"One thing perplexes me," said Colonel Sunbey, thoughtfully, "and leads me to think it could not be this youth. The highwayman's voice was different, and was quick, stern, commanding in its tones; and he had educated finish and precision which is never found among the illiterate and the proverbials."

"There is a great deal in that," said Lord Argyll; "but to-morrow will throw some light on the mystery."

Leaving the platoon and its party on the way to Rock Glen, we will now return to the inn.

CHAPTER XI.

When Brinsley Oakes entered the little rear room of the bell inn, into which, as he descended the stage from Colonel Sunbey's apartment a stranger had asked him, saying he had a message for him, he closely scrutinized the man's face, to see if he recognized him as one before met; but the features were wholly unknown to his recollection.

The man was dark-visaged and tall, he observed, with a cadaverous complexion, made more sepulchral by the blackness of his heavy brown and shortcropped hair. He was wrapped in a cloak to the shoulders, and his coarse jacket was soiled with fresh mire. There was something about him in the gaunt and Brinsley Oakes bade him to keep at a distance and say what his business was with him.

"Old Trimble sent me," responded the man, in a coarse voice, while his narrow grey eyes, one of which was marked with a deep scar, glittered over the pegal, giving him a hideous aspect to the left, blinked and winked as if he had perpetrated a mockery just.

"Who is Trimble, sir?"

"Don't know him? Everybody I reckon'd know'd who ole Trimble be! Doubt know'd, 'cause, 'll be lucky to know his business with him.

"You are impertinent or stupid! Who and what are you?"

"I be Jakes?"

"And what are you?"

"Ah!" spectre in! Been his bid this thirty odd year! Hagged more graves than any feller had! I keep yours."

"Are you a grave digger?" exclaimed Brinsley Oakes, his inquisitive, watching, and suspicious air out, changed into horror of the man at his supplication.

"Yes. I reckoned you 'membered me?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I be digged a grave for old daffy Tad; but was a bonnie' over it on my spade when I and you and Sal Jury be into Wendon Church to be married. I reckon 'twas seventeen years agone come next Whitsuntide. I know'd the day, cos old Tad digged his last grave that day. I recollect you'd 'member me; cos I 'members all 'bout it!"

"Sir! devil you do!" exclaimed Oakes, as soon as he could recover his voice to speak, the startled and unnerved effect.

"Oh yes; and when old Trimble axed me this morning if I could find you, I telled him yes, I could; for I never forgot no one for when I pass the vaus once under my eye-sees."

"Is Old Nick the fellow that gave digger at Wilton Church, and did he send you to me? Is this what you wish to say?"

"Well, he used to be once; but be not been for seven year, for you see the ol' un knew-ance, and they quarrel'd one time over the church's tee'th, and seven years agone, was not learned up but right."

Brinsley mentioned seven years, to him his following question, coming close to his and speaking in a low tone:

"Was Trimble the name of the sexton—who you know—who was at Welton the day you say you saw me?"

"Yes."

"And he is now at Wilton?"

"He now; but there beant no St. Andrews now;" and the eyes winked humorously.

"Did he send you to me with a painful fear and annoying suspicion stirred like a listing adder at his breast.

"Yes, he did! He wants you to come quick! He made request to five 5 shillings to me," and the ugliest grave-digger gave utterance to a low chuckle of inward satisfaction; perhaps he was upon the idea of presenting him with a dollar upon this earth to place therein the body of his mother, to be interred at last with all the rest of the dead he had buried.

"Is he dying?" was the quick question Oakes looked brighter.

"Yes. He is burned almost crisp! The doctor says he not to-day. Poor man! He leaves twelve children, and not sixpence to buy 'em a loaf."

"What does he want with me?"

"Don' know! Ye may gang and see for yourself." Brinsley was at first inclined to refuse to trust the request with derision. But guilt is always fearful. It has no faith in anything but a reasonable judgment. It apprehends the worst, because it feels that it deserves the worst!

"Where is he?"

"In his own houses, nigh by where the church stand."

"I will go with you. Lead on; but keep well in advance!"

The next moment Captain Oakes was upon the street following his guide. How conscious crime made the wary the wide of every one he met or came upward with his foot. Crime forges chains which his lower hind, if once in his power the proprietor for pain himself can take off and bind him by the most vindictiveness he will. "Fear serves me to whom we obey," said an inspired man. Guilt likewise made the haughty Brinsley Oakes the servant and the cower of his servant.

"What can this action want?" he asked himself, as he followed Jakes through the byelanes of Bath. "I am in the power of his tongue, if he connects my person himself. I dare not, therefore, disobey his message."

At length Jakes reached the door of a humble stone dwelling not far from the main meandering ruins of the church. Brinsley saw the walls of Penlyon Hall, now standing tall and naked—and memorials of the magnificent and splendid life of the soldier occupied by Colonel Sunbey and his daughter.

"Come in! He be livin' here!" said Jakes, opening the door.

Stooping beneath the low lintel, Captain Oakes, as if led passively by fate, entered. He heard groans from an inner room as he followed the guide into it. Upon a bed the disfigured and bandaged form of the old sexton caught his eye, but he advanced resolutely.

"Is the Capt's come, Jakes?" groaned Trimble, with anguish.

"Yes. Here un be."

The sexton fixed his glazed eye-balls upon the face of the officer. "Yes—it is the man I want. Leave us, sir!" The groan approached the bedside.

"Do you know me, Captain?"

"No!"

"What! Don't you know Trimble, the sexton who was so wicked (I know it was wicked, now) as to unlock the church—and—let you in to——"

"Be silent, man! I know nothing of what he says! I supposed it was for some charity I was sent for," said Captain Oakes, with affected surprise; there were two or three persons in the room.

"Go all out—everybody!" cried the sexton, "I have a word in my alone!"

The assemblage left him.

"Captain Oakes, I am a dying man. I cannot die with a sacrilege and a sin like that one—you know what—on my conscience! Here his words were interrupted by anguish of body, the intensity of which, for a moment, absorbed his whole attention. "Don't say ye don't know what I" he added, looking, by his look, the captain should not be so self as denying all knowledge of him. "I mean that wicked marriage! He been a curse to me! That thirty dollars you bribed me with, after talking with me the day after by my gate, and seeing I was poor, and owed the landlord rent, and money his poisoned all my other wages! Affly been a curse to me! It has been a curse to the God's church for thirty pieces o' silver, like Judas sold the Lord! I was afraid to ease my conscience by telling, because my employer would not pay me my pay again, and then I and mine would be beggars! But I've had to suffer more from my own science. I pay fist that money—the thirty pieces o' silver—that Captain Sunbey gave me, and that the poor, first sanking with my blood, picked from the thorns and finger that took your bribe, a crust of God on each piece! Then I—I—I have on my conscience, Captain Oakes! I must confess the dead to the guilty priest!"

"If thou dost thou shalt die!" cried Captain Oakes, making a menacing gesture towards his throat.

"I fear not death so thy hand, for already his cold fingers are feeling about my neck for the strings of life, to untie them, and release my spirit. God knows I've been a sinner—a liar—a cheating God's church for that to act a lie in, and act sin before the altar by putting companions in the surplice of the parish priest. Ah, sir! It was an awful sacrilege, and God's curse should be on him and me, for which I feel it on me! I am not a minister whom I thus deceived, and whose channel I thus let be polluted, will soon be no more!"

"Not to bear thy confession?"

"Death, sir, makes me unworthy, and I can make none with thee. Confess I must, or lose my soul! But that I might not betray then also, I have sent for thee, too, to let thee know the secret of all that thou mayst take such steps as will save you from the law against marriage, which is a far longer reach me. This I feel in honor bound to do, since I committed it for the money. But I am worn out with talking, Jakes!"

"What, master Trimble?"

"Has the minister—has Welton come in sight?"

"I saw un but nacre scoming adown the street, but not sight un by sight o' window."

"Go, tell him to come quickly."

As Jakes left the room, Captain Oakes, without the least hesitation, secured the door and stepped to the low fireside bed on which the dying man lay, and with determination of purpose and coolness of nerve, stretched forth his hand to grasp the throat of the sexton, to choke him before the secret that, if known, would have made him infamous in the eyes of all men, and to the law of God and that, if known to the said Katharine, would not fail proximally to reach the ears of Lady Clandine. The kiss and twenty thousand pounds, hope and fears and associations uniting themselves with it, almost drove him to the verge of madness, and the next moment he would have done a murder, had not Trimble, with a deep groan, turned his face back, and looking behind the bed, he saw the fierce and jealous eyes of a large hound-wolf glaring upon him. He quickly drew back his hand, and thought to prevent the animal, long a favorite companion of the sexton, from complicating his position, by which he was crouching; and doubtless his hand would hardly have reached the throat of the sexton ere his own would have been held firmly in the savage jaws of the beast. Trimble did not see this scene, his eyes being closed with pain and hearing feelings in the entry, and Jakes standing at the door, now opened it to let Welton enter. The sexton gentleman, fifty years old or thereabouts, in the usual walking costume of a parish priest. His appearance was that of a benevolent and intelligent person, with mild blue eyes, hair slightly grey almost the color, and a countenance of much sweetness.

Upon seeing Captain Oakes in the door, he stared at him steadily like one who recognizes a face; but the sexton, not liking the scrutiny, turned away his countenance, and said in a light way—

"Reverend sir, the poor fellow is raving! He seems to fancy himself guilty of some crime or other, and that you are a papist priest. You can do him no good!"

"He has desired to see me, and it is my office to obey the voice of the dying. I may soothe him, sir, with the consolations of religion, and ease our holy religion."

Again the minister's eyes sought the features of the officer; but hearing the sexton's groans, he paused upon his cause, where he was.

"I am glad you are come, Doctor," said the sexton, with freighening looks. "I'm dying. I tried to save the holy shallow, and was punished for my deeds! I benefited in the flames, and they ha' I'm mortifying gangrene, and can't live till night. But, Doctor, I wanted to see you to ask your forgiveness, and tell you of a great sin that is on my soul —a sin last almost as the traitor Judas's!"

"I cannot forgive, son. Confess, and seek pardon of God."

"Yes, Doctor, but of you, too; for it was part against you. I can't talk long—please to hear me!"

"Speak, then, my son!"

The clergyman sat by his bedside holding his hand in his. Jakes stood in the door. The dog, now on his feet, seemed not to know him. He lay in bed, but fixed his steady eyes upon the officer, who, unable to govern himself longer, had with a sort of embrace of the reader, to listen, and let the dying man say what he desired.

"Doctor, it was seventeen years ago come Whitsuntide, the day Mayor Tad was buried by the churchyard. Evening service was just over, and you had left the church for the rectory. I watch'd all you out of sight, and then, for thirty shillings (oh, wicked traitor that I was—may God be merciful to my sin), bargained for with an officer the day before, I let in a wedding party! and what it more, I let in, as more as it was done, as not to be seen, a friend of the officer, and told him where he could get the robes and prayer-book to pass himself off for yourself, Doctor! The officer wanted to make a false marriage, and cheat the lawful priest of his fees, and he had found out the between Tom and I, for my love of money, which was here often told me, Captain Oakes, and led me into temptation, conscient to betray the altar I had charge of, and deceive you. But I had not courage enough to remain in and see the beautiful lady made a fool of, and stayed out. And they came and went, and I was left alone in the church as it was, and got into a pout-chaise at the far corner of the churchyard and drove off. That is what I wanted to tell you, Doctor——"

Here the poor wretch was seized with some fierce pain, and writhed until it subsided. Jakes stood under the pretence of coming to his aid, whispered to Brinsley Oakes as he, as he was going out—

"You have said enough to clear your consciences; there is no need to tell the name."

"This is what I wanted to say, Doctor," continued the sexton, as if there had been no interruption; "I could not forgive me!"

"Yes, my son; and I hope you have confessed your sin to Heaven, and obtained its whole atone."

"And did violate, Doctor. Now, Doctor, is it possible, I should tell you the name of——"

"No! John Trimble," answered the rector, with a firmness in his tones that made Brinsley look at him, startled, "I am going, to confess I know the name of the officer. His and that of the lady are among the entries in the book!"

"Impossible!" exclaimed Brinsley Oakes, convinced by these words of his guest. "Trimble knows himself, and biting his lip with vexation at his imprudence, he sighed, as a sort of solve. "I mean, reverend sir, that it is impossible such a marriage as this man has confessed having assisted in, could be recorded in your book!"

The clergyman raised his full blue eyes, which he turned upon the officer, with open orbits, upon him, and said, with dignity and grave decision—

"You are right, sir, was an illegal marriage. But God knows it might be, in one sense, a holy and especial. He, you look surprised! and I now discover (if I recognize you aright) that you are one of the I may term a man who would be a party to deceive a beautiful and trusting woman)."

"Sir, sir——"

"I ask no protection from it, when you know all, sir! That marriage was confirmed by my——"

"Impossible, sir!"

"Your marriage record, which I can show you, sir, as say time, reads as follows:—Married by me, Augustus Langton, Rector of Wilton, Thomas Aubrey, Illustrious Oakes, Lieutenant in Her Majesty's Service, and Katharine Sunbey, spinster of full age."

"Such can be no legal entry or marriage without our witness!"

"There is the name of a witness appended!" answered the clergyman, with a solemn severity, by contrasting the excitement and angry perplexity of the officer, which gave to his manner betrayed the utmost astonishment and alarm.

"Whom, sir?"

"That of Bailey Wagstaff, eudgo in the same regiment with yourself."

Brinsley Oakes, hearing with a petrified look in the face of the clergyman.

"Has the sexton lied? Has he I need not conceal myself, nor deny anything. You know what I be-but not ought on to speak of the name of another Wagstaff was killed in battle. Did he not perform that marriage?"

"No. He had more honor than his friend who believed him to use as himself——"

"Sir! Reverend sir! I am a disgraced man!"

"I cannot be intimidated, Captain Oakes. Bailey Wagstaff was the son of one of my own parishioners, and I knew him from a boy. I was present when he left his native place to enter the army, by the influence of a nobleman. Doubtless he intended to carry out what he looked upon as a joke, but he was a man of honor. He was also the young and beautiful woman, he received to be his wife, down from the verge of ruin. He would be next intent he would have done a murder, had that a dog's gory greed caused him to turn back, and looking behind the bed, he saw the fierce and jealous eyes of a large hound-wolf glaring upon him. He quickly drew back his hand, and thought to prevent the animal, long a favorite companion of the sexton, from complicating his position, by which he was crouching; and doubtless his hand would hardly have reached the throat of the sexton ere his own would have been held firmly in the savage jaws of the beast. Trimble did not see this scene, his eyes being closed with pain and hearing feelings in the entry, and Jakes standing at the door, now opened it to let Welton enter. The sexton gentleman, fifty years old or thereabouts, in the usual walking costume of a parish priest. His appearance was that of a benevolent and intelligent person, with mild blue eyes, hair slightly grey almost the color, and a countenance of much sweetness.

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OR,

THE FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A STORY OF HOME, THE OCEAN, AND OTHER CLIMES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "ARMAGEDDON," "THE GUARDIAN ANGEL," "THE AVENGER OF BLOOD," "KIDNAPPED," "THE ROBIN'S NEST," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER XLVIII.—CONTINUED.

The visitors went to the door, and the father followed. But there was more. He opened the door and looked in. Christopher sat in his chair, sleeping soundly. His head rested upon a soft cushion of the back, and his face was partly turned from them. His hands were clasped upon his breast, and he wore a look of perfect rest. What was that flash upon his cheek?

Yes, it was the light of the sun, all in the room, and it came from the crimson curtains of the window.

Gideon spoke, but he received no answer. He touched his brother upon the shoulder; but there was no response. He took the clasped hands, and

Aye—Christopher Huntley slept! He slept the sleep that knows no earthly waking!

"See!" whispered Bion, in a half-frightened tone, to Ralph.

The father looked, and he saw a small pasteboard box latched—"*Morphia*," and in it were two small vials.

"He has taken his own life! Shall we touch him?" asked Ralph.

"Wait!" returned the father. "There is a letter for me, and I will read it first."

"But I cannot stay here!" whispered Bion. "Oh, my soul! this is dreadful! Let us go into the other room!"

He opened the door as he spoke, and his father followed him out. Then he broke the seal of the letter and read as follows:—

"BROTHER GIDEON:—When you take this as hand I shall be in mine. You will of course know how I died. You will not blame me, for I charge you to do so. And now, good bye. I've opposed myself to Several you. Free me from the curse I have laid upon you. Bless my children, and I will pray for you with that I have made all the repentance I could.

"Your brother, CHRISTOPHER HUNTLEY."

Thus far had he written, and then folded the sheet up and superscribed it. After the ink had been opened, and the following paragraph added.

This was evident from the peculiar slip of the pen over the creases in the paper:—

"P. S. R.—I can't help it. A spirit whispers that I forever. Forgive me, my brother, O, forgive me for what I have done! Ask Him to forgive me, too. Pray for me! Pray for me!—Forgive me! God have mercy on my soul! Thank Jesus, my Lord—O, love me! Have me—forgive—Forgive!

"CHRISTOPHER."

"Poor Christopher!" uttered Gideon, as he folded the missive up. "Alas! he lived in sin and he died in agony! But a gleam of light beamed in his soul at the last moment, and I trust that his heart was truly touched—that the change was real!"

But the father and son felt not like conversing there, and they arose, and prepared to leave. They had no right to take any library more away, in order to learn the whereabouts of the attorney.

Oh! it was a terrible sight! The cold form still sat in the large chair; the hands were still clasped upon the breast, and the head rested upon the cushioned back. The eyes were closed, for the man had fallen asleep ere he died.

The widower of the house was found, and the visitors then turned away, carefully closing the door behind them. In the hall they rang the door-bell, and the man-servant made his appearance.

"We shall return ere long," said Mr. Huntley; "and in the meantime your master must not be disturbed."

The man preceded obedience, and the father and son then left the dreary house.

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONCLUSION.

Mr. George Latham was a gentleman, and an eminent lawyer. He received a large share of practice. From the time of his father's death only the whole of his practice was confined to the affairs of his mercantile clients. Huntley found him in his office, and to him he confided his case. He was received with astonishment, and for a while the lawyer seemed disposed to look upon his visitors as impostors, as he had heard so often from his client's lips of the death of his only brother.

But the feeling was quickly gone; and when Bion's errand was done, he was introduced into a new channel. He was with them to their carriage, and then he went away and dons at his dead man's door. The serving-man admitted them, and they were shown into the room of the dead.

"Ah!" uttered Latham, with a sad shake of the head, "I can't much wonder at it! Poor man! He has had many reasons, of late, to be troubled with him!"

The lawyer then looked around, and after pondering awhile, he said—

"Yes, I remember now. We must send for a coroner. The servants left him in health, and they next find him dead, and know that you were first here. Had he any friends in the city? Any relatives? At all events, it can do no harm, and may save you much trouble, if we send for a coroner at once—a perfect gentleman—nice by!"

So the coroner was called, and a jury was summoned from among the merchant's immediate friends and neighbors. The morphia was found—the letter to his brother was read—and in a very short time the verdict of "death by his own hand, produced by poison," was given, and recorded.

After this the servants took the body away, and the undertaker was sent for.

In the immediate Gideon had related to the attorney the whole story of his brother's crime. The letter which was read at the inquest rendered the explanation necessary.

"Alas!" uttered Latham, "his remorse for the deed were more and deeper than I had supposed. Poor man! Surely he has been most terribly punished for his crime!"

Some further remarks were made, and then the papers were opened. They were found to be simple and unadorned. There was a correct account of all his property, where it was, and how situated, and directions as to how the estate should be consulted. Beyond this he addressed the attorney friendly. He also left a letter to Gideon, his natural brother and only living relative, was not only sole heir to all his property, but, in fact, the real owner. For the principal account of how he gained the letters of guardianship, and directed Latham to see that all justice was done to the brother and nephew.

There was another paper was a request to his brother that certain sums of money might be given to some of his faithful servants. There was five hundred dollars to Jacob Stone, to be given three female servants, and five hundred more to be given to Mrs. Stone herself. To Ralph Bion there was three thousand to his old book-keeper, one thousand to an old porter, and five hundred to the widow of a man who had been in the employ. Last came ten thousand dollars to his attorney, George Latham, to be used as he thought best, he only asked his brother to do it for his sake, and for the sake of his manager money should be given to him and faithful in him and his interests.

"I am not obliged to pay all this, sir, unless the estate contains more than enough to cover all that has been read.

"And it here ten times as much, I should pay it cheerfully," was the brother's response. "O—if I can help you in any way to secure it, George. God grant I fall not in my duty?"

"Then you will leave the business in my hands?"

"Yes—wholly. How much delay will there be?"

"None, sir. The simple proof that he only had charge of money which was yours, and his written confession that he had appropriated wholly, will settle the whole matter. And then your lordship would be sufficient of itself. However, it will be settled as soon as possible.

A new grave was made by the side of the lot. The white-haired old sexton shook his head as he heard and dared into the narrow chamber he had dug.

"It is strange," he murmured to himself, "that the one I buried in Wilton should be avenged has been taken up and carried away. Then the sexton's brother has had the murderer secure in his own and broken to powder, and a new name put in his place. It is—yes! Bailey Wagstaff now! Ah, Bailey Wagstaff! His curious! And now, here comes the last of the house. The poor woman that I buried in Wilton church!"

It was true, as he said—the body of Belinda Huntley had been removed. The husband had had it taken to Greenwood. And the remains made by Bailey Dymond had been kept too. A new stone marked the grave of her boy, and his own true name was open it.

The hearse came, and a long procession followed it. Many people came to pay their last respects to the wealthy merchant. They knew he had died by his own hand; but they thought they saw the only cause of the deed in the four graves already filled.

Gideon took one last look at the pale features, and Bion was holding him by the arm. The

glistened for a moment in his eye, and as it fell upon the coffin he fervently ejaculated:

"God have mercy upon thy poor soul, my brother!"

And Blon said—

"*Amen!*"

And now we have but little more to tell.

Mr. Lathan found no trouble in settling up the business which had been left in his hands; and when the various sums had been paid, and all squared up, Gideon Lambly found himself worth just fifteen thousand dollars. That included the proceeds of the sale of the farmstead. The living brother felt that he could not live in it, even should he reside in the city.

When this was settled there came another settlement. A clergyman came and bade Blon Huntley follow him, and there he said a few strange words, and——

Oh! what important words to them! Back, amid the scenes long agone, their thoughts wandered, and through the blissful hours of hope—through the seasons of darkness and of trial—through the happy years of childhood—oh! to the deeper love and more solemn duties that should fall and still on, through desire from without, but never a doubt of the truth that united them—never a doubt of the faith that joined—but through doubts which the orphan, wrapped and trathced, one fled—covered and spread, with hope expanding—upward, upward still—upon the light of a morning full of blissful promise—and then, as the diamond and vase on, glittered in the new light —the full effulgence of glorious noonday bursts upon them in more hungry, deep and fervent as simply from the preacher's lips; but yet, in falling, and the bonds that unite forever two of the purest, noblest hearts that ever beat on earth.

Old Margery Grait was permitted to witness the ceremony. She begged to do so, and the clergy could not refuse her. And after this she was well pre-pared to die. She lived but a few months to enjoy the bounty of her friends. Her constitution was worn and shattered, and a sudden fever carried her off.

Mrs. Duncan, the mother of the dead boy, was provided for. A good home was secured, the rent for which Blon's banker was to see paid, and she accompanied to keep boarders. She survived but a few months had removed the gloom and sadness from her soul, and health and strength came back with peace of mind.

Barnaby Lathlinne one day took it into his head to call his hand at three-card monte among bankrupts; but the public did not appreciate his endeavors to increase the limited circle of the card-tiplying peace carriage, so they took him to jail; and when they searched for his cards, and prayers, and so on, they found them in a curiously contrived apartment upon the premises of a negro called "*Old Jerry*." So Old Jerry was sent up for a humbly stowaway company; and they were sentenced, upon trial and conviction, to one of two years in the State's Prince, which promised to unbosom about the whole of the life that remained to them here on earth.

When the Good News next sailed Louis Fourtier went as captain. The owner of the vessel was Jack Wallace, upon Blon's resignation; but he had worked enough at that rough life, and he had, moreover, promised Blon and Cora that he would remain and farm.

It had been arranged that the whole party should rent one a home somewhere in the country, where they could live and labor as they pleased. They were Gideon Huntley and Arthur Greenwood; Blon and Cora; and Jack Wallace and his mother, who were to form the little community. They had resolved to go and make a home upon the shores of the lake where Jack's cottage stood, and had made up all the necessary preparations for starting.

On the afternoon of the day previous to the one on which they were to set out, as the party sat in their room at the hotel, some one came to the door.

"Here's two black women say they must see you, sir," said the servant, addressing Mr. Huntley, private.

"Let them come in."

And they came in—two females—one as black as night, while the other was but a shade less so—both well advanced in life, but yet hale and hearty—both as neat and clean as a new pin. The foremost one—she who had the lightest skin—and her eyes were on mine, and finally settled her gaze upon Gideon Huntley.

"Mary!" she cried, while her frame quivered, "don't you know me?"

"Life!" uttered the old man, in astonishment.

"Yes, Mary. It is I, your poor old Life——"

"An' yer own Lizzy, too," interposed the other, with a considerable utterance. "Don't yo' know me, Mas'r?"

He did know them both, and he was glad to see them, for they were just the same as when he left at that time. When they saw Blon they knew him.

"Shoulds't I ought'n' know him?" cried Lida, while the tears rolled down her sable cheeks. "Aren't he missus all clear? Aren't he de berry pictur' ob him mudder?"

And when they had thus "mas'r" would take them, they danced and capered like two crazy women; and it was not until after the excuse that they remembered that Blon was dead. However, the thing was explained to them, and when they had comprehended it, they, in turn, told how they had spent the last sixteen years in working hard for the unscrupulous people, Mrs. Greenwood had moved away in less than a year after they went to live with her. They were well, and got their clothes, and on the following morning were ready for the start. Lida had, by permission, sent an account in a paper of Gideon Huntley's regaining an estate which his brother had held for many years, and she received no go-out, for it was not her old man's.

In due time the party reached the lakeside. And the sexton where stood the widow's cot was prepared with neat and perfect order—and there they made them a home. A noble mansion soon up; broad fields were put under thrifty cultivation; and work and pastime were united. Boating and fishing could be indulged in to almost any extent, and many a dainty meal was gathered from the lake and the forest. A fine, large yacht was built, and back country trade; and it was every one happier than when sailing his friends over the broad lake, and teaching Blon's eight-year-old little boy how to steer.

And so the end comes. Not the end of the joys we have seen given as gifts from the hand of our humble story. As for those joys, they grew deeper and brighter as each succeeding month rolled by. The three old men were growing to be children once more: Blon and Cora lived in the warm sunshine of a mutual love, that was as pure and strong as earth can bear; while their children, young and feeling only the most gentle and virtuous influences all about them, and basking in the light of holy love, could not but grow in grace and truth. Mrs. Wallace felt herself a sort of mother of the whole community, while Lida and Lizzy, growing old in years, but retaining the health and buoyancy of younger days, seemed a grandmaship over everything within doors. And the hounds could not be complete without Bruno; for while they preserve a system and order of affairs at home that seems to have come down to them, they conduct the thoughts of Gideon Huntley often into sweet and holy memories. They were with his regard with whom she died; they caught her last word of love for him; they were the true and true; and she had loved them very much. And so he loved them now; and so he loved all about him, and all the world the other; and Love and Peace were with them!

THE END.

"THE UNKNOWN DARK."

BY SALLIE M. BIXBY.

Why should we shudder at the darkness given
Through which the starry pathway leads to heaven?
Oh, could the Pains dream a darker doom
Than earth inspires to hide the night's bloom?

The dreary darkness of the valley of Death
Hath not in truth a single terror;
Why should we sigh, then, to retain its breath
That but contains a vital where's enough blight?

The years go by, each with a fiery brand
To stamp upon the tired heart
While the cold wringing of its plaintive hand
Tears all the clinging tendrils of its love away.

The mystic gloom! Perchance the earth-lamp dread
Its name—but though my flesh grow pale?
Can never more the light of heaven shine
And memory wrinkle around my bosom cold.

Then call me, father, if ever thou hast shore—
Though cold the way, I do not fear;
Thou'rt in heaven and worry there is no more,
Nor sigh, nor shudder as I have come here.

Come, then sweet angel, and lead me on,
Than shall dark and the worry to rest,
Where, gentle one, I may be free of Darkness now,
For to this Empire of the Dust.

THE TOWN PAUPER.

NANCY JAMESON'S HEROISM.

"Oh! Ella, Ella, look here! See grandpa's driving in his new carriage with that little queer-looking woman by his side! Is she his wife? Has he got her in case he picked up such a strange companion?"

"That's Aunt Nancy Jameson, Mabel. If you had been a month in Chichester you would have found out all about her. Everybody here knows Aunt Nancy."

"But who is she, and why should grandpa be driving out with her? And—see, Ella—there doesn't seem a little shower in the night and the street is muddy, he is proudly sitting there with one of the faded calico dress as carefully as he would ever his grandmother's satin. Look, look! she is now forward and looks up into her face with that old-fashioned comfy manner of his. I am sure he is asking her if she is perfectly comfortable."

"Very likely, my dear, for grandpa' has the greatest respect for Aunt Nancy Jameson. He often takes her for a drive, and she is very grateful for the attention."

"But you have not told me who she is, Ella."

"So, and I cannot now, for I am busy, and see her brother coming up the walk. You must ask grandma' when you go up to sit with her. She will tell you all about Aunt Nancy."

"I'll ask her, then, you may be sure, for my curiosity is quite excited. I can't think grandpa' can't find any such shabby, old, pauper-looking women to ride with anywhere. I know he would be very much mortified to see him in such company himself."

Mildred Cranston's remarks were suddenly brought to an end by the entrance of company, but she did not forget them, and when at dusk they were gone she ran hastily up to her grandmother's room. In answer to her knock a quick, tremulous voice of the aged woman bade her enter, and Mildred opened the door and went in.

Mildred had the eye of an artist, and she paused an instant beside the door to look at the picture before her. The room, in keeping with the old lady's own aspect, was exquisitely arranged. A soft carpet of delicate colors, in which the foot sunk, covered the floor, the broad, high windows, each of which framed an exquisite picture of the most elegant scenery of that picturesque mountainous region, were draped with curtains of heavy lace and fell in rich folds to the floor. A soft warmth of the cloister, and longest, and the great sofa were of the same color, softened by the same lace, and were the rich brown tints of the massive, time-darkened furniture.

A small, bright wood fire burned and crackled upon the hearth; for though it was a morning of late summer, the air was cool, and the mountain atmosphere, which was the Bible which through the lengthened years of her pilgrimage had been her stay and support, and was never far from her side. Upon whom her was her husband's chair, upon the pomp than cushion of which, taking her seat in the easy chair to the little summer school, and in winter learned her daily task of memory, which she was also studies, and shared all our toys and sports, and together we grew to womanhood, and began, ere we knew it, to feel the stirrings of love in our hearts, so refined and secluded were our lives, here in the mountains, and so innocent. Is it any wonder our the country as the 'two belles of Chichester.'

"Of course we had many lovers, but neither of us was in any hurry to marry. We were happy, my child, a young woman of our class would have been thought an old maid, and would have been had prepared stores of snowy linen, and warm flannels for the winter, and had begun to think it was high enough to fill her husband's house with all that was needed in that line. So we could not marry, and so many silly creatures do in these times, when they are scarcely more than children, that we were in judgment and skill-knowledge, as well as experience and observation of human character, quite old women. We were determined to be best secure their happiness, and so delicate from bad habits of living, and so unbeveloped, physically, that it was utterly out of the question for them to thoughtlessly assume.

"Well, my dear, when I married your grandfather, and I had been engaged to him nearly five years. I was determined not to marry until I had the best table-linen and bedding in all Chichester, and he wanted to get a clear deed of the old North farm, so that we could be sure of a good home for ourselves and the children we hoped would be given us. But, Mildred, women in those days thought children a blessing, and were not always dreading a family, and talking about the trouble of staying at home for little ones, as some of those fine ladies, who visited your mother when I was last in A., shocked me by doing.

"So, when I was twenty-five and your grandfather was twenty-seven, we married, and we did not take a 'bridal tour,' nor have any 'bridal presents,' except the deed of the out-lot that old Mr. Jameson gave my husband on his wedding-day, and the substantial furniture that my father and mother had sent to the new home on the North farm some days before. We went right home at once as we were married, and there, in the early spring, we lived for more than forty years. There all our children were born—there three of them died—there all the others, except your uncle Samuel, were married. We never left there until Samuel insisted that we should come and live with him in Chichester.

"But I am forgetting about Nancy Jameson. About the time I was married, she went away to visit some relatives who lived in Boston, and I remember that when she had been gone several months, I was one day reproaching myself, in the presence of your grandfather, for feeling the absence of my friend so little. And he laughed, and told me that he should think it a poor compliment if I did feel it very much, for he was perfectly satisfied for me, at least for one year. Then I knew why I felt Nancy's absence so little.

"Nevertheless, I was very glad to see her when she came back, and pleased to see, too, that her distant her face was with new happiness. For she had brought home a lover from Boston—a fine, handsome young man, with a merry wit and eye, and when the sun was found to be for from sufficient. Nancy was engaged to him, and was betrothed for the remainder.

"The money had been incautiously sent to her sister, and fell into the hands of Lytton. Prompted by some fiend, the had must resolved to desert his wife and child with the sun, so unexpectedly added to fire the country. Before twenty-four hours had passed he was far on such a way.

"Misfortunes come not single spies, but in battalions. Nancy Jamesin's child was taken in charge of the distress which reigned in the household, went out cost morning and was married to an old friend of her father's son, and cousins of her father's niece, and one whom he had himself introduced to his family. The child was delighted, a son of sixteen, who, with his sister, only of all Arnold's children survived their father's death; and in an enfeebled condition his mother brought him back to the old homestead. A cold taken upon the journey gave consumption sufficient, aggravated fifteen. A long struggle ensued; and when, at length, in the early spring, the end came, it was not for the consciousness that he was at rest.

"Nancy was left a widow, as we said, by a foreclosure of the mortgage; and Nancy, with her a pittance of her once ample fortune, removed to the old farm-house, and to receive a home upon North farm, which your grandfather insisted upon her accepting.

"Here she lived many years, toiling in support of herself and her child, and when at length Arnold was too much broken in health and spirits to be sought but a burden to her sister; and the sick boy was removed to the house of his grandparents.

"It was many years before death came in mercy to relieve the poor little sufferer, and soon after the son, and Aunt Nancy, as everybody called her, was left alone with her child, who was left alone, she had grown old, and trouble and toil had robbed her strength. But her brave patience was long since exhausted and when, after a long time, it was found that her health had become permanently impaired, and that she required longer her numerous friends in Chichester remonstrated against her attempting to continue a life's work. To the public charity she said she had a right, and that the hard beach of the brook, close beside the pen of her property, and nor she would be tat receiving back her investment. Finding she was determined, we ceased to urge her to do what she would not receive unless before the sickness.

"The modest pride of it was to subject herself to the caution which puts the town paupers up at auction. She had a right to do it, and she knew, but the lowest, bidder. But even in this Aunt Nancy submitted with resignation, and in the same spirit of cheerfulness with which she had always made comfortable, often without her knowledge, by the kindness of her neighbors and friends.

"Aunt Nancy has lived in this way for several years. She can never be induced to leave her old home, her happy, as a town pauper, than toiling for the helpless ones she soon hopes to meet in another world.

"Now tell me, Mildred, do you not think Aunt Nancy a heroine, and her self-denial and resolute acceptance of shabby clothes and her queer bonnet?"

"Indeed I do, grandma', and I shall respect her beautiful eyes glistened with tears: 'indeed I do; and I body with that I felt within me the consciousness that I was in the presence of a real heroine. I thank you, dear grandma', for your story, and I feel sure I shall profit by it my judgment of those I meet in different walks in life from my own."

MYSTIFICATION.

Old Barty Wilford was a hardworkfight by trade, and though an excellent workman, was remarkable for his habit of promising more than he could promise, and then break his engagement over and over again, and yet be forgiven because he was a "positively lusty" as a theatrical star. Having pledged his word to a very urgent customer for three days, he was so far out with it that, one day by a certain day, Barty again failed to keep his engagement, and, on the evening of the same day, met was still unfinished. "Well," said the customer, "you've broken your word with me, I'm of course." "Yes," said Barty, "I had done the work, and supposed it was quite ready for you, but once again, and I'm sorry to disappoint you, unaccountable mistake—that will put me back for a fortnight." "Ah, Barty, Barty," said the customer, "what's the trouble?" "Why, you see," said Barty, with great simplicity, and in the fullest conversation, "you see I have made a mistake—I never made such a blunder before in my life—I have measured the instrument you ordered from both wheels for the same side; they are both off wheels." "Is it possible?" said the other, in a rage at the roughly mystified, and allowed Barty another fortnight to finish the case.

STRANGE HAIR-DRESSING.

The head-dress of the Kurdish women is one of Hogarth, but something in it very odd and whimsical. They put on their heads a piece of light board, about a foot long, and as wide as the head-kerchief, which they cover with their hair, forming it with wool, so that they seem to have a load of hair. They can neither lean nor lie down, but by resting on their necks, and they are obliged to keep their heads continually in the right and the left on the roads, which in this country are full of weeds and thickets. The difficulty in still greater when they would comb their hair, for they must be whole hours at the fire to melt the wax. After having cleaned their hair which trouble they are at three or four times a year, they fall to dressing it up again as it was before. The Mussulmen think this dress very disturbing, especially for young women.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

TRIBUTE TO
WILLIAM LEWIS HERNDON,
Commander of the United America,
SEPTEMBER 12TH, 1857.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Who standeth forth in his manhood's bloom
To rule the noble bark,
Keeping the balance of command by
Away from the balance hook?
Is it another look can learn and dare
The unfathomable, and the unshaking skill
That may and ought to be?
With a look's ear of truth and might
Its farrowing lead pursue.

Who standeth on Ambar' kingly deck
Above the flowing stream?
Whose tender grace enjoying glance
Beams on the sea and land?
Thousands of nations—with his various fate
Marketh he watery, and tether of home—
Thousands of miles, with a quick heart
As a needle and groove true to noxious lands
The magnetic fever of all the earth.

Who standeth home from the land of gold,
Hearing a wealth in his generous hand?
The seas he guides, and fear and hold—
With a Romany crest, and a Roman's trust?
The voyage voyage is almost over—
Fond eyes strain toward the promised shore—
But the tempest is due—and with thunder-dust
Wrath and wave his purpose feed.
Till the pioneer are clouds and the fires are out,—
And the night of a rest, that all require
To nerve and shelter the helpless fear—
Women and children of Angle lore,
Guarded and wrapp'd from the whistling storm,
Whereon is not the storm in their eyes?
Oh, chieftain! the life of that three-months babe
Is of as much concern'd to thine.

No thought of self, with unwon sigh,
Darkeneth light in that heart's cry,
That deep in his secret soul endowed
The old image of affection still wore,
Struggle and clang with a deathless strife,—
Patience of heaven with his heavenly love bound,
Into Virginia's trees and streams,
Where the sweet babe's mother and boyhood's dreams,
Watch his coming day by night.
Yet in vessel peace, the sacrifice duty'd—
Stern Duty gives thee grace, and God's Love obey'd.

Born to the deaths, thou resting ship,
God's hand hath spoken thee!
Thou'rt free,
Thou'rt free, ocean!
Thou'rt free, earth!
Thou'rt free with thee!
To-morrow to the ruler of the reservoir—
But no memory shall not die!
Not to-morrow, but a first star of fame,
In the fog of his country's sky.

Hartford, Oct. 3, 1857.

IN A TRAP;

OR,

THE PRIVATEER'S RUSE.

BY AN OLD CONTRIBUTOR.

The schooner "*Fair Star*," a snug little craft of some hundred and fifty tons burden, dropped down one of the small streams that empty the waters of Maine into the Atlantic, and came to anchor at the narrow basin at its mouth. It was in the spring of 1813, and the war was then on with England. The waterside of the enemy were open our coast, blockading every harbor where they supposed a Yankee brave was in waiters.

The *Fair Star* had been fitted up by a party of enterprising men, and her armament was complete. She carried eight guns—twelve-pounders—and had fifty-four men, with ample in abundance. Her commander's name was Buck—Alanson Buck—a good seaman, and a brave, accomplished man. His vessel was ready for sea, and he was anxious to be out upon the broad Atlantic, among the merchant vessels and store-ships of the enemy. Yet he had his fears that he might find trouble in running out.

At a small settlement not far up the river he had learned that a British brig-of-war was lying off-and-on upon the coast, and that the commander had gained intelligence of the fact that a privateer was being fitted out up the river, and had learned that there was a spy somewhere about the place.

Buck's first movement, upon reaching the mouth of the river, was to send a boy on shore, who had been hired for the English brig. The little boy in which the privateer now lay was shot in from the sea on the east by a range of mountains which ran out from the mainland to the southward. The mountains were about a quarter of a mile wide, and nearly three-quarters of a mile in length. Up to this high point the lookout made his way, and when he reached the top he had a clear sweep of the sea as far as the eye could reach.

In half an hour he came down upon the run, and a boat was sent for him immediately.

"What is it, Waldo?" the captain asked.

"The brig is right off the headland, not more'n six cables' length, and there's a sail in sight."

"Has she got the intelligence of our whereabouts," said Buck, sneakily.

"She must," answered Waldo. "She was right to sight in behind the 'Spider,' an' I'm sure I'm a boat pulled up to her stern-davits as she squared away."

What was to be done? The privateer had come down the river with a fair wind, but now it was a dead-on-lee; and of course to run out to sea would be madness—and so for having the brig in the offing schooner, just as she was all ready for work, this could not be thought of for a moment.

"What are we to do?" the captain cried, pacing the deck nervously. "Could it be a land-locked fight I'd run the risk, though I know the brig's got eighty or ninety men; but if she comes in here she'll blow us out of water!"

"Look, Cap'n," spoke Ezekiel Dodd, a tall, muscle-laced Yankee of the genuine blood and stamp, and who was known to be as brave and true as any man aboard. "I've got an idea. That 'ere brig'll be in here as sure as fate. Now just you listen: There's room enough for every one on 'em to lie to the land, if we'll only hold them, an' then run the boats all ashore, I'll bet a dollar we'll work 'em. Dye s'pose them ere chaps send you up here, when you was on the headland?"

"They must have seen me if they were lookin'," replied Waldo.

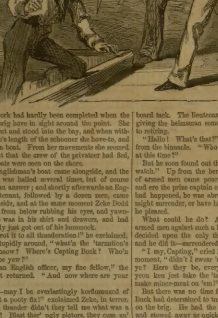
"Then it'll be as easy as greased," cried Zeke, all excitement. "Let's run the boats right ashore an' leave 'em on the sand, an' then all on ye hide only me. I'll pretend to be sleepin', ye see, an' we'll fast 'em cold soon."

Zeke explained his plan fully, and the rest fell in with it at once. They saw no other way of saving the schooner.

"What do you say, Luke?" the captain asked of his mate.

"I like it, and I say put it in operation as quickly as possible."

It was now late in the afternoon, and the brig, if she came at all, would be in very shortly—in less than half an hour. The three boats were pulled ashore as quickly as possible, and then a bit of track were hurriedly made over the narrow belt of sand. After this the men swam back to the schooner, and then the crew descended to the hold, where they left themselves behind the water-casks and brass. It happened very fortunately that there were plenty of good hiding-places, and ere long the crew were so completely concealed that no one could have detected them without creeping over the casks and hunting carefully. Each man was armed with a good cutlass and a brace of pistols, but it was most earnestly enjoined upon them that they should not use the fire-arms save in a case where it was absolutely necessary to save a life.



This work had hardly been completed when the English brig hove in sight around the point. She went about and stood into the bay, and when within a cable's length of the schooner she hove to, and lowered a boat. From her movements she seemed to suspect that the crew of the privateer had fled, as the boats were seen on the shore.

The Englishman's boat came alongside, and the schooner was hailed several times, but of course without an answer; and shortly afterwards an English lieutenant, followed by a dozen men, came over the side, and at the same moment Zeke Dodd came up from below rubbing his eyes, and yawning. He was in his shirt and drawers, and he apparently just got out of his hammock.

"Find no life to all appearances?" the lieutenant said, gaily. "What's the "armiton's been up to, my lad?"

"Hey? Where's Cap'ing Buck? Who's thunder be you?"

"I'm an English officer, my fine fellow," the lieutenant returned. "I'm in search of the crew."

"Wal—may I be everlastingly konfumazed if here ain't a posty fit!" exclaimed Zeke, in terror. "Why in thunder didn't they tell me when I was a goin' on? Hunt ther' ugly picters, they can; an' pin me a shave, an' mid as hone's they was agoin' off last—the lunatics!—an' I was left behind. Oh, my word 'bout a cussed Britisher's comin'! Mister officer, I don't make chances. If you'll let go I'll find the rest of sour crew, an' I'll bring 'em all back low-pro—I will, I swear to man, I will!"

"How'll you bring them?" the Englishman asked, with a grin.

"I'll tell 'em that sin's no Britishers within forty mile of the shower. I will—I swan to gosh, I will."

"But suppose we wouldn't let you go?"

"Why—your boats mess as how you would take me a prisoner, Cap'ing! Oh! yew won't—I know you won't."

"Never mind that now. How long have the crew been gone?"

"Jest more'n fifteen minutes, Cap'ing. By the jumpin' Jerusalem, I'll bet I kin ketch 'em ere dark. By thunder, Cap'ing, jes' you let me go, an' I swar I'll fetch 'em back in less'n a barl'n hour! I will—I swear I will!"

The lieutenant turned to a pased-midshipman who had accompanied him, and held a short consultation with him. The midshipman looked doubtful of it was, that the crew of the privateer had fled, considering their fellow sailors on shore; but he also concluded that to follow the fugitives into the enemy's country would be madness.

They then went below, and at the end of ten minutes returned.

"You may remain aboard as the end of ten minutes returned.

"You may remain aboard as the end of ten minutes returned.

"You may remain aboard as